THE SPHERE

Vol. CXL No. 1827

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

JAN. 26 1935

The Talk o' the Town

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"I do commend this Institution to the Public for their continued assistance, and I would remind them that it is supported by voluntary contributions."

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have recently admitted the

30,000th CHILD

Every child who enters the Society's Homes or the Training Ship "Arethusa" is fed, clothed and educated, and trained so that he or she becomes not only a good, but useful man or woman.

1,100 Children are always being maintained

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Friend of the penniless, the young, the old, the sick, the friendless, the fatherless . . . The friend quietly waiting everywhere to help and cheer the unfortunate . . . The Salvation Army.

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Managing Director: FREDERICK HYDE

Statement of Accounts, December 31st, 1934

LIABILITIES	£
Paid-up Capital	14,248,012
Reserve Fund	11,500,000
Current, Deposit and other Accounts (including Profit Balance)	420,793,245
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits	9,746,914
Engagements	6,242,724
ASSETS	
Coin, Bank Notes and Balances with Bank of England	39,129,856
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks	14,840,427
Money at Call and Short Notice	27,126,232
Investments at or under Market Value	118,490,133
Bills Discounted	18,505,695
British Treasury Bills and Treasury Bonds due within four months	46,014,724
Advances to Customers and other Accounts	163,815,240
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits and Engagements	15,989,638
Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches	9,421,642
Other Properties and work in progress for extension of the business	1,024,565
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd.	750,000
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits of Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.	1,639,051
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	2,997,933
North of Scotland Bank Ltd.	2,380,544
Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.	405,215

The Midland Bank and its Affiliated Companies operate 2575 branches in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and have agents and correspondents in all parts of the world.

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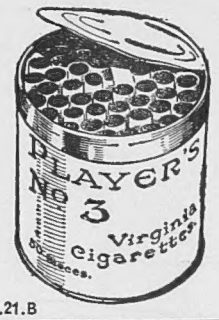
20 for 1/4
50 for 3/3
50 (Tins) 3/4
100 for 6/4



The difference may not be pronounced, but it is always there...a mellowness, a mild flavour, a delightful character, which is appreciated by all discriminating smokers.

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NUMBER 3
PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

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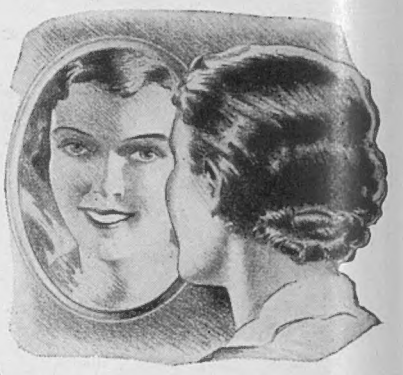
V.114

For pearly teeth in healthy gums—

Beautiful teeth have often been compared to pearls, but they will not retain their loveliness if their settings—the gums—are not kept firm and strong. Genozo Brand Tooth Paste contains a special bacterial emulsion which penetrates right into the gum tissue, creating a resistance against disease. This ensures that the roots of the teeth shall be embedded in firm healthy gums. Moreover, Genozo removes tooth film and tartar without injuring the delicate enamel surface.



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Brings Life and Beauty to the Hair . . . . .

Every morning rub just a little ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL well into the scalp: this will ensure that luxuriant, lustrous hair of which you will be so proud and your friends so envious. It does not make the hair sticky.

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Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, **3/6**, **7/-** and **10/6**

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A. Rowland & Sons, Ltd., 22, Laystall St., Rosebery Avenue, London, E.C.1

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, January 26, 1935

The Duke of Gloucester Among the Maoris

A Rapturous Welcome at Rotorua, New Zealand

After the completion of his Australian tour the Duke went on to New Zealand, and at Rotorua, the resort in the North Island famed for its thermal wonders, he was accorded a reception by the representatives of the Maori nation which he, and all who witnessed it, will never forget. At Arawa Park war-painted warriors and picturesquely dressed women entertained him with their traditional songs and dances, and in an address of welcome, framed in the poetic language that is the outstanding attribute of the Maori, the goodwill of this most loyal of native peoples was voiced with true and moving sincerity. At the very top of this picture can be seen the treasured Union Jack, now somewhat tattered, presented to one of the tribes by Queen Victoria. On the next day His Royal Highness journeyed to Auckland, afterwards visiting Chateau Tongariro at the foot of snow-capped Ruapehu; Marton, where he gave a dashing performance in an amateur event at a local race meeting; Wellington (the capital); and then the South Island. This week, when the tour of the Dominion officially came to an end, Lord Bledisloe, the Governor-General, sent a telegram to the King in which he said, "The Duke of Gloucester has won all hearts by his gracious and friendly sympathy with all classes."

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

WINTER WORK AT ASCOT: Rebuilding one of the stands on the famous racecourse in preparation for the meeting next June

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, January 23, 1935.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS.

—Mr. Lloyd George had a very happy birthday party at Bangor, and a great personal triumph when he described his new plan for a World, Empire, and Country fit for heroes to live in. A personal triumph was inevitable. Apart from his histrionic talent and personal magnetism, he is a most attractive young-old man. His luxuriant white hair enhances the healthy pink of his cheeks; he looks so happy and jolly, his eyes are so sparkling, he does so immensely enjoy the limelight, and the presence of an audience agog for the opportunities to laugh at his little jokes, his inevitable stings and flings. There is a great deal in his New Deal that is attractive so long as it remains vague and beautifully theoretical, as at present propounded. He has promised at subsequent meetings to go into the details of financing and working it. At Bangor the magician's wand waved "a million people back" to the valleys standing or shortly to stand so thick with corn that they (like the wizard and his audience) shall laugh and sing. "A few hundred millions" would do the trick, by means of a Prosperity Loan to be eagerly over-subscribed. "A few more special Ministries" would spring up in Whitehall (giving employment to thousands of worthy persons). They would concern themselves with "vast schemes." As for the Bank of England, it should remain unnationalized but, with the removal of the aloof and mysterious Mr. Norman, it would soon cease to be "misleading, short-sighted, narrow, and mischievous" and wholly out of touch with industry and commerce. The brightest of all his bright ideas is certainly a Peace Cabinet of five on the lines of the War Cabinet. A big five without portfolio, standing outside the petty pre-occupations and special objectives of departmental bureaucracy.

A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS.

—In a word, the New Deal, as outlined at Bangor, was a charming birthday entertainment and disarmed all criticism by the pleasantness of the occasion and the method of delivery. It appealed to some who heard it chiefly because it removed some of the anxiety which had invested the hour of its launching. It removed much of the fear of a new splitting of parties, a new effort to weaken national effort towards sane and constructive recovery. There were no very new ideas in it. The National Government has taken much of the wind out of the Rover's sails. But it was sane and moderate in tone, except for the inevitable denigration of colleagues and public men which Mr. George cannot ever resist, having found it so effective in selling his books and raising laughs from his audiences. There seems now less likelihood of Mr. George raising a new and powerful political following. The Liberals will perhaps without surprise find in him a new convert to protection. The Socialists observe that he rejects their pet scheme of nationalizing the Banks. The Conservatives scratch their heads and find that he has stolen their clothes while they are bathing in the troubled sea of reality —and then rejected all the garments one by one as unfit (unaltered) for a sane man to put on. And his latest recruit, Lord Snowden, received the snub direct in the veiled attack on Lord Snowden's own protégé, Mr. Norman; but for all that, as did leaders of every party, he warmly congratulated Mr. George on a fine and patriotic effort. It was Cincinnatus speaking—from the country and to the Country.

MAINTAIN THE NEW PLEDGES.

—The Saar plebiscite is over. The Saar returns where it by right belongs, in a few weeks. Let us hope that henceforth the Saar will figure less and less in the news. In all conscience we have heard enough of the word which had come to be synonymous with injustice, irritation, and anxiety. In the first enthusiasm of triumph and flush of relief, the Führer made some notable and vital pledges to Europe. He declared that the reunion of the Saar with Germany settled all territorial claims by Germany on France. He added "we are now certain that the time has come for appeasement and for reconciliation." These are tremendous pledges. If France does not recognize them as such, and by every means in her power, by every art in her cultured diplomacy, foster and feed that flame of reconciliation, it will not be our duty to interrupt our own closer understanding with Germany in order to consult the peculiar or temporary interests of French nationalism. By Hitler's pledge, by France's agreement with Italy, we start a new year of European diplomacy, with better hopes of good results in the direction of disarmament and European peace than seemed possible a few weeks ago. Those hopes rest on the pledges given being honoured, the spirit of the agreements reached being strictly adhered to, and the big and ultimate aim given preference over national aspirations.

DISCUSSING TACTICS: D. A. Kendrew (second from right), the English captain, see International against Wales, which was held last Saturday at Twickenham in th people. The match ended in a draw, some fine defensive play on both side really get going. Wooller scored an excellent try for the visitors at the beginnir before the end Boughton equalised for England with

NOTTS KNOTS.

—Albeit the kick-up over the putrid corpse of body-line bowling which has cloven in twain the Notts County Cricket Club is not very edifying material, it is not unpleasant to turn to domestic trifles and to leave international complications to adjust themselves. In a word it is even a relief to turn from the reparation of the greatest blindness and folly of the Versailles Treaty to notice a little storm in the bitter dregs of a domestic cup of tea. Cricket is a much better game than politics, and can ride out triumphantly the passions, the *bêtises*, and the quarrels of individuals. Notts county for decades has been a name to swear by in sport of all kinds. In my youth when I played cricket games on paper or with an axe shaft in the stable yard, I asked no better than to represent Notts C.C.C., and I am naturally sorry to observe its dirty linen flapping in the breeze. What is it all about? A majority of the club's committee felt the force of the M.C.C.'s argument that a gentlemanly apology should be sent to the Australian Board of Control in respect to two overs bowled by Voce (during that famous fixture, Notts v. Australians last summer), which the umpires considered infringed the gentlemen's agreement which was to govern the Australian tour in respect to body-line bowling. Whether Voce had "shin trouble" or whether "shin trouble" was introduced as a tactful way of taking Voce out of the rest of that game, remains obscure and is not a vital issue. What is vital is this: Ranged on one side in the rather bitter fight is: A majority of the Notts C.C. Committee (which adhered to the M.C.C.'s policy of conciliation to Australia, which many consider went too far) and which acted in the sincere belief that Notts C.C. would become a pariah in county cricket if the existing régime continued. On the other, a two-thirds majority of the Notts Club which supports the cricket policy of Mr. Carr and considers that Voce and Larwood have in their methods of attack done nothing counter to the letter and spirit of cricket, as it should be played. The committee claims to have been justified in deposing Mr. Carr and appointing new joint captains for 1935 in his place. Such an act was clearly within the committee's powers, but in the event it had no alternative but to resign. The two new captains are members of Sir Julian Cahn's eleven. Sir Julian is a power in the world of cricket and sport in Notts. The position which Sir Julian himself took up in the dispute was not at first, clear; but he too has tendered his resignation and gone abroad. Let us hope the dirty linen will be washed clean before May Day.

THE MILKY WAY.

—The film star and the Wimbledon star have so much in common that it has long been an anomaly that the one should be so well and the other so ill-rewarded. Each type gets (for what it is worth

—commercially and very temporarily) the adulation and often sickening worship of the fans. This worship hitherto has enabled the film star to screw up the management to salaries of fantastic size; the tennis star to earn a few extra pounds obliquely through sports outfitters and journalism (on subjects on which, of course, they are *not* experts). The L.T.A. has known for several years that what makes Wimbledon an excellent proposi ion financially, and London the Mecca of the game, is in a word the "draw" of these few popular stars of the day. It has also learned at last that the "amateur" status could not be maintained much longer in its pristine purity, that it was already altering by the process of nature and that the national champions would inevitably be lost to their countries within a year of their supreme successes at Wimbledon. There were horrid nightmares of another Wimbledon springing up where professional gladiators would let off fireworks as dazzling. It is good that the L.T.A. is to back the proposal of Czechoslovakia to lift the ban and to remove an absurd anomaly. It is fantastic to allow (as you must) your tennis amateur to pose on the films as a stage lover or a figure in the crowd, and not to allow him to pose in the only way in which he is trained to pose usefully—performing his special strokes for the good of would-be tennis hopes. Is it not much better that, if a lawn tennis player must be a journalist, he should write about his matches and tournaments of which he may be able to speak with judgment, rather than about Shakespeare and the musical glasses of which he probably knows less than the office boy? Championship lawn tennis is a terrible grind. The star's life is brief. The labourer is worthy of his hire. The shooting star is justified in making the most of his blaze.

with some of his men before the Rugby presence of a record crowd of 70,000 making it impossible for the backs to of the second half, and a few minutes penalty goal

FILM CENSORSHIP.

—Few deputations to Downing Street have received more sympathy from me than that which waited on the Premier and Home Secretary last week, to press fo a stricter film censorship. Royal Commissions do not always see their recommendations enforced, but they do ventilate, and secure public recognition of plague spots, and I shall be sorry if this vital question is shelved and no such Commission appointed. It is proved that without the support of a Royal Commission's findings democratic Government is absolutely powerless against vested interests. Dr. Lang gave Downing Street some facts to chew:—20,000,000 persons in Britain see films every week; and with the best will in the world local exhibitors are powerless to select and reject, being at the mercy of the distribution system. The result is a vicious circle. While film production is dictated by what producers of all nationalities conceive will best draw the dollars and shillings from the pockets of the public, the film public's taste will continue to be debased and not elevated. Nothing but strict censorship can correct the producers' dismal estimate of the lowness of public taste. Nothing but censorship can set the local exhibitor free from the fetters of the present distribution system and so give the public a chance to improve its taste. Sir Charles Grant Robertson knew what he said when he declared that a quarter of the films which pass through the net of existing censorship are demoralising. The Bishop of Croydon confirmed his view and cited the experience of his own Sunday film censorship, which in a single year had been forced to reject 200 "passed" films as being in tendency "criminal, cruel, or of loose morality," and highly dangerous for display before young persons reaching adolescence. No one underestimates the terrific influence of the film on social life to-day. The tackling of this vital social problem is exactly suited to Mr. MacDonald's peculiar genius, and it will be deplorable if he allows the difficulties (and the vested interests) to choke him off. For, sad as it may be, the film is the most powerful, almost the only, popular educative force in the country.

DARWIN AND ALL THAT.—

I was very glad that Sir Ambrose Fleming, in his presidential address at the Victoria Institute, threw a brick at the great evolution theory of Darwin. We cannot expect it to make such a splash as the launching of Darwin's theory made, but we can and do rejoice to realize that to-day among the rising generation of young men there are more "on the side of the angels" than probably and proportionately there were in the mid-Victorian era. It was at first only scientists who welcomed Darwin's theory. They welcomed it because, detesting any premise incapable of proof, they found in the ape theory an explanation of human existence a degree less insoluble than that of the then accepted tenets of Christianity. In Darwin's time our race was in the swing of an orthodox movement in religious thought upon which forces of reaction were beginning to put the brake. We are to-day at the end of an intense reaction to the other extreme, and it is very comforting to know how much thought the young people of to-day are giving to the meaning of religion in their lives. There are a dozen forms of the Group movement in existence, and generally succeeding. The essential question in almost all their proceedings is: "What does Christ mean in your life?" The question implies (without going more deeply into the creed of any group) that in every part of England an important section of the young of the community is accepting the tenets of Christianity, with their implications of phenomena (miracles) which are, and must remain, beyond the conception and the proof of scientists. And that is a comforting reflection.

KEITH VERSUS FLEMING.

—But Sir Ambrose was not to remain unanswered even for twenty-four hours. The scientists do not smile on blacklegs from their union. And his friend Sir Arthur Keith answered him with a defence of Darwinism next day. It would ill become an ignoramus seriously to consider the conclusions of these scientific giants. It comforts me, however, to hear that Sir Arthur Keith is as incapable as Sir Ambrose of explaining that vital issue in the solution of the mystery of human life—the astonishing faculties found in man and absent in the ape. Life would be happier if we could all be ignoramuses together—scientists and simple folk—and with blind faith take on trust the miraculous phenomena we shall never be able to explain. It was this simplicity which enabled our fathers to grow old so gracefully and with such serenity. It is my hope that the new reaction to orthodox Christianity may enable our sons to do as they did.

DRAMA NEW AND OLD.

—That ancient conceit which made Gay rich and Rich gay, which put Hammersmith on the map of Fashion and enhanced the reputations of the Lyric, of Nigel Playfair, of Frederick Austin and of Ranalow, not to mention a bevy of "Pollys," is to be re-re-revived. In the four years from the 1920 revival, *The Beggar's Opera* was played nearly 1,500 times at Hammersmith. Now it is to be tried out in the (far less highbrow) West End, which has not seen it for half a century. Will it be as successful? Had the venue something to do with its success? Are its charming conceits and airs become by reiteration too hackneyed? I saw it twelve times (temp. 1920–4) and vowed I could not see it again. We shall see (it). A palinode to radio drama. I have always felt coldly towards it, derived no pleasure and some distress from it. I experimented again last week with that little drama of the war that didn't come, the drama played out on the deck of a British destroyer, and my interest was held. I saw at long last the possibilities of film drama. For once the players neither gabbled nor screamed. That is the intolerable drawback to radio vaudeville. The artists, with a few bright exceptions, either mumble or yell, and in either case gabble their lines.

THE OLD STAGER

Left—REWARD FOR GALLANTRY: The Lord Mayor of London congratulating First Officer Alfred Wiesen and members of the crew of the Hamburg-Amerika liner, *New York*, after they had been presented with Lloyd's Medals for Saving Life at Sea. It will be remembered that last month they went to the rescue of the sinking Norwegian steamer *Sisto* in mid-Atlantic and, after an epic struggle, succeeded in bringing those on board to safety

RE-UNION IN LONDON: The ex-Queen of Spain with her newly married daughter and her son-in-law, Prince and Princess Alessandro Torlonia, who visited her in London before leaving to spend their honeymoon in the United States

PASSING

TRAGEDY STRIKES AGAIN: Two lifeboats, one badly waterlogged, containing passengers from the S.S. *Havana* which, at the beginning of this month, went aground on the Matanilla Shoals, fifty-five miles off the coast of Florida. After battling with heavy seas for some hours they were picked up by the Southern Pacific steamer, *El Oceano*. The *Havana* is a vessel of 6,679 tons and belongs to the Ward Line, owners of the ill-fated *Morro Castle*

CHANGES IN THE FRENCH HIGHER COMMAND: to his duties as Chief of the General Staf General Weygand as Inspector-General of th been promoted to be Assistant Chief of th has relinquished his post, havin

"RELIGIOUS" CARNIVAL: Aimée Semple McPherson, America's famed hot-gospeller, standing on one of the forty-four decorated floats in which she and her followers paraded through Los Angeles to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of her ministry

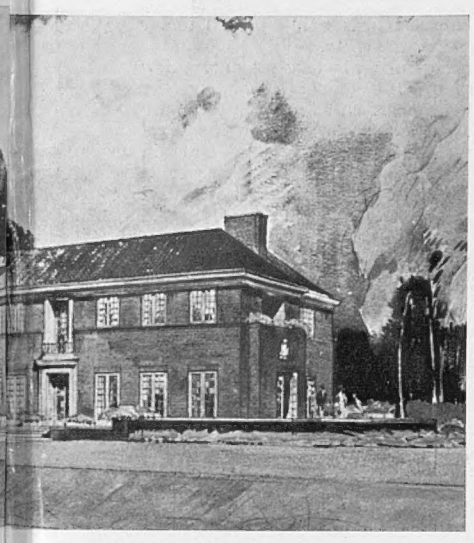
A ROYAL RESIDENCE-TO-BE: *Left*—Mr. C. Beresford Marshall, of Messrs. Marshall and Tweed Silver Jubilee Presentation House which the King has agreed to accept from the Roy is shown on the *right*—is to be erected on a site at Burhill, Surrey, presented by the Earl principal bedroom, and two guest rooms, and has been designed "to reflect the balanced outlook

A TRIUMPHANT TRIO: Mr. Geoffrey H. Deeley, of the Wolverhampton School of Art, Mr. M. Macpherson Tod of the Glasgow School of Art, and Mr. George W. Hooper, of the Slade School, who have won this year's Rome Scholarships for sculpture, engraving, and mural painting. On the left is the winning sculpture representing "The Conquest of the Air"

PAGEANT

On left—General Gamelin (left) who, in addition has been appointed to carry on the work of Army. With him is General Colson who has General Staff. *On right*—General Weygand who reached the retiring age of sixty-eight

ARMY MANŒUVRES IN THE BAVARIAN HIGHLANDS: A party of German soldiers, equipped with skis and snow-shoes, making their way up the lower slopes of the Kreuzech, a 5,420 ft. peak near Garmisch and not far from the Austrian border. One can well imagine the immense difficulties of travelling over this thickly-wooded country with a full pack and in adverse weather conditions

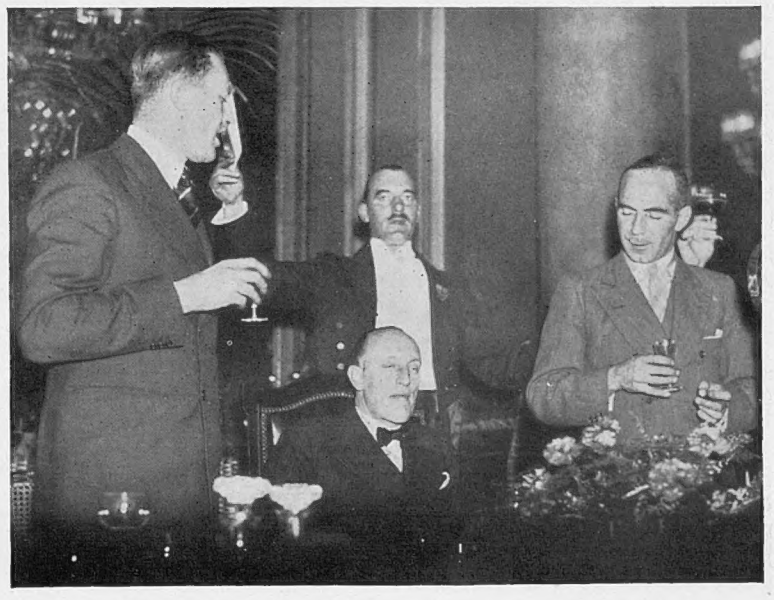


who has been chosen as the architect of the Warrant Holders. The house—a drawing of which Iveagh. It will have three reception rooms, one English thought unswayed by passing enthusiasms"

A SURPRISE ENGAGEMENT: Miss Madeline Glasier who is to marry Mr. James Maxton, leader of the Independent Labour Party. She is his secretary

A SOUTH COUNTRY SENSATION: Mrs. Katherine Stevenson (right) and her daughter, Miss Joan Stevenson (left) who this week were awarded £175 damages at Dorset Assizes in a libel action in respect of statements made about a home for girls of backward mental development run by them at East Chaldon Vicarage. One of the defendants was Mr. Llewelyn Powys, the author

"SHE TALKS ON THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE": Henry Hall (left) and Bertram Mills (right) with Miss Concello, the girl whose stunts on the flying trapeze have been one of the principal attractions of the Olympia Circus. This picture was taken last Saturday when she was broadcasting on "Guest Night" from the B.B.C. headquarters



A TOAST: C. W. A. Scott (left) and T. Campbell Black (right) at the dinner given to them at the Hotel Metropole, London, by the Oil Industries Club in honour of their victory in the England—Australia Air Race. In the centre of the picture is Mr. Wigney, President of the Club

NAZI JUBILATION: A scene of enthusiasm in a Saarbrücken street after the announcement of Germany's overwhelming victory in the great plebiscite

AT A FRONTIER POST: Immediately after the declaration of the poll many of the anti-Hitlerites in the Saar crossed by car into France, and Customs and police officers spent an arduous day examining luggage and passports

Aftermath in the Saar

While the Nazis Rejoice the Anti-Hitlerites Make for the French Border

Here are a few human "snapshots" taken "behind the scenes" while the tremendous political drama of the Saar was being played under the glare of the world's limelights.

With the British genius for turning everything into a sporting event, the officers guarding the Wartburg—the huge concert hall in which the votes were counted—organized a sweepstake on the Nazi poll. The first prize of £3 was won by Captain Anderson of the R.A.M.C. He drew 91 per cent. Hitler polled 90·8 per cent. "Good Lord! Have I won?" he said brightening visibly when we told him, "this means champagne all round." A move was made to the bar, but this was unfortunately found to be shut.

As evidence of the mystic faith that conquers all things inspired by Hitler, I quote the talk that I had on the afternoon of the great Nazi victory in the Café Kiefer, the Nazi G.H.Q., with Joseph P. Martin of Chicago, leader of the American Saarlander contingent. He had travelled 10,000 miles to vote. "I had just got my business in Chicago on its feet again after the crisis, when I left everything for three months to work for Hitler. My business is now completely ruined, but I'm a supremely happy man," he told me proudly.

At the height of the blare of bands, the shouting and singing during the celebration by the Nazis of their victory, I saw five Tommies pass by. Suddenly they all stopped in their stride and huddled their heads together to get lights off the cigarette stump of tbe only one who was smoking. They appeared so completely indifferent to the deafening noise around that I shouted: "What do you think of it all?" Back came the vociferated reply: "Bit of a bank holiday, sir, but nothing to touch Blackpool."

But if half-a-million people were rejoicing, some fifty thousand were panic stricken. I saw no examples of physical violence towards *status quo-ists*, although not a few were reported, but I saw innumerable examples of "moral terrorism" such as funeral wreaths hung up over the doors of known *status quo-ists* with threats or insults on black-edged cards.

Across the French frontier at Forbach I came across a crowded café in which every second man was a well-known anti-Hitlerite leader. They were now all penniless, homeless refugees. The atmosphere of anxiety and panic was like a scene from Dostowiesky's *Memories of the House of the Dead*. Playing unconcernedly in a corner while tales of Nazi terrorism were being told all round them, I found two little girls and two little boys. They were the children, aged five, seven, ten, and eleven of Hoffman, the Catholic Action leader. They could not understand quite what had happened, except that little Thea, aged ten, said: "Papa's enemies can't touch him now. Papa says I'm not to go back to school now, and I'm glad because the other children all called me the little girl of a traitor"—her eyes filled with tears—"and I'm not—I'm not. My brother, Hans Jacob, has had to go to school in a foreign country since he was bullied so because he refused to stand up when the children sang Nazi songs. But papa says that's all over now."

J. H.

HEIL HITLER! Saarbrücken schoolchildren giving the Nazi salute at the start of a lesson

IN SIGHT OF SAFETY: Examining the haversack of a refugee before allowing him to enter France

THE FLEEING MINORITY: Saarlanders who voted for the *status quo* arriving at Forbach, France. Many of them are penniless

BATHED IN THE VELVET SHADES OF NIGHT: There was a time when the Marble Arch dominated its surroundings, but to-day the semi-skyscrapers of the Regal Cinema and the Cumberland Hotel dwarf Nash's famous structure almost into insignificance. Nevertheless, the whole aspect of this area is extremely attractive, and recent building development has clearly lent it an added dignity

THE WEST END AFTER DARK

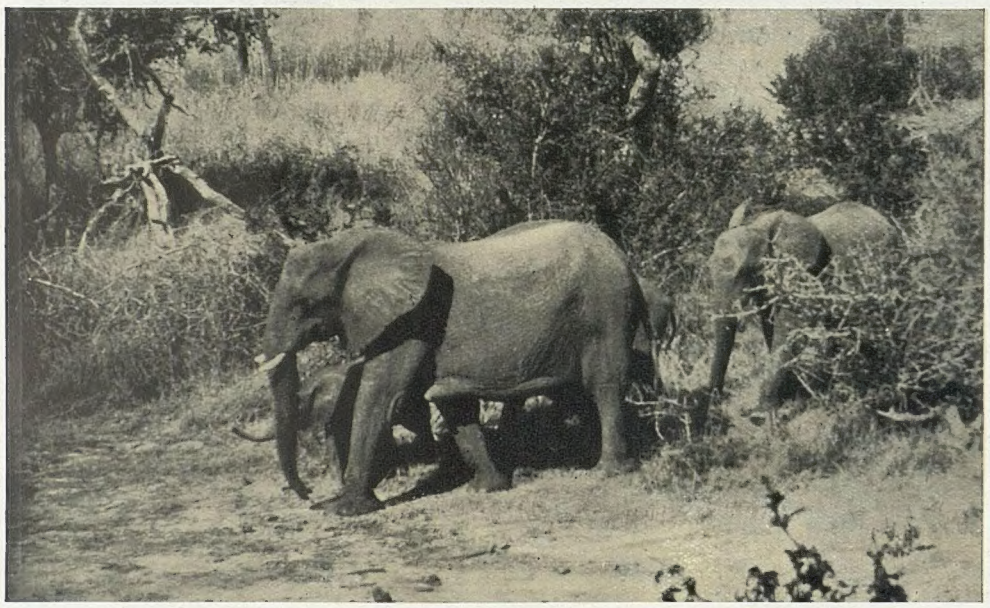
Camera Studies by William Davis

LULL: A scene outside the Park Lane Hotel showing Piccadilly devoid of its usual flow of traffic at about 9 o'clock in the evening —an hour when theatre-goers are in their seats, and when diners-out have reached the coffee and liqueur stage

AN ANTELOPE THAT PROBABLY NEVER DRINKS: A fine example of the Gemsbok standing in a clearing in the Reserve. It is beautifully marked and very powerful in appearance, the body and hindquarters resembling strongly those of a sturdy cob. Its principal habitat is the remote and waterless region of the Kalahari Desert

WILD LIFE *in the* WANKIE GAME RESERVE

This Southern Rhodesian reserve, which was opened in 1928, covers an area of about 5,000 square miles, and lies about 70 miles to the south of the Victoria Falls. The country is densely wooded and provides cover for an extraordinarily large variety of big game, including elephant, giraffe, eland, oryx, buffalo, kudu, wildebeest, zebra, lion, leopard, cheetah, and hyena. It was once the haunt of ivory-hunters



A FAMILY ON THE MARCH: To-day elephants have been almost exterminated in the southern portions of the African Continent, and it is only in the game reserves that they are now found in any numbers

THE GREATER KUDU: A majestic creature noted for the beautiful spiral twist of its horns, the V marking between the eyes, the vertical stripes on the flanks, the long hair on its throat and the mane extending along its back. It is very difficult to stalk and is found all over South and Central Africa, and even as far north as Abyssinia

THE BUFFALO—THE HUNTER'S MOST DANGEROUS OPPONENT: Taking photographs of these animals is no easy task, for they are quick to scent danger and amazingly cunning in the manner in which they will double back on a pursuer and attack from the rear. Since 1896, when many of the herds were depleted by rinderpest, their numbers have gradually increased

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A European Survey

A POLITICIAN PILLORIED: A member of the chorus as she appeared in a political ballet staged at the Folies Bergère, Paris. She is supposed to represent M. Henri Chéron, the French Minister of Justice who resigned from the Doumergue Cabinet last October

UNDER TWO REGIMES: Mr. Albert Coates, the brilliant English conductor of the Leningrad Orchestra, rehearsing in Vienna, where he recently gave a series of concerts. He was born in Russia, and before the Revolution was chief conductor of the Imperial Opera, St. Petersburg

FRANCE MAKES PLANS FOR THE FUTURE SAFETY OF HER CIVILIAN POPULATION: Marshal Pétain (third from right), inspecting a model of a house specially equipped with air-raid shelters. It is being exhibited at the museum of Aerial Defence which was recently opened in Paris

A PRESENT FOR THE PRUSSIAN PREMIER: General Göring inspecting the carriage and pair given him on his birthday. The Nazi leader is forty-two, and was born at Rosenheim on January 12, 1893

FROM "THE SPHERE" POSTBAG: Two pictures from readers abroad. *Left*—A dog, equipped with a gas mask, used by the Austrian Army for laying telephone land lines. A reel is attached to its collar and gradually unwinds as the dog moves forward. *Right*—M. Sorensen, the well-known Norwegian skier, who did a jump of over 270 ft. at a recent contest at Garmisch, Bavaria

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Icarus by the Seine

The Meteoric Career of André Citroën—Founder of the Great French Car Manufacturing Concern which is now in Judicial Liquidation

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE STILLNESS OF THE SLUMP: The headquarters of the Citroën Company on the Quai de Javel, Paris—usually a scene of bustling activity, now almost deserted

WAITING AND HOPING: Employees standing outside one of the Citroën factories on the day of the announcement of the firm's failure. Unless a reorganization scheme is decided upon, at least twenty-five thousand men will have to look for work

I have just spent a most depressing morning whose one redeeming feature has been French courtesy. They can be . . . brusque; but how they can be otherwise!

I could not help reflecting: supposing England's greatest motor car works had come to a standstill, and that a foreign scrivener had started prying round. Just how would his reception have been by the powers-that-be—or, rather, by the powers-that-were? Exactly come-hither?

There is something almost frightening in the spectacle of so immense a surface of mammoth machinery halted silent and still, against the will of man, as the Quai de Javel offered this morning (for London, say Barnes). Yet this mounting and assembling expanse that I gazed out o'er, espying a sprinkling of maintenance or finishing-off personnel in the vast offing, or close at hand—the whole thing conjuring nothing less than twenty Olympias on the Sunday day-off of some monstrous machine exhibition—this sweeping 'scape with heartbeat gone represented but a quarter of the great Citroën stillness. Across at Clichy lay an even bigger foundry plant whose 8-hour capacity production had once been 340 tons of steel and 60 tons of bronze and aluminium. At Levallois, on half the foregoing surface, they turned out the heavy and commercial vehicles. At Grenelle, another suburb, stands the separate-parts factory. Finally, the great plants at Slough, Milan, Brussels, Cologne. Presumably these are also silent.

It was a filthy morning, rainy and misty, and that hardly lifted the spirits as I walked along the Quai whose activity I remembered so well—even a dozen years ago—when I took delivery of my first little Citroën 5-h.p., that almost faultless little thing that was to take us over Alps and Pyrenees, anywhere, everywhere, and never a mechanical defect save in the springing. At zenith times, six years ago, when car production rose to 600 a day, this Quai was a teeming wheel metropolis, thousands at work, inside, and thousands more dependent on them, outside—cafés and bistros and boutiques, shops, and restaurants, service stations, and all the bazaar. To-day, the visible company on Javel quai-side consisted of half-a-dozen patrolling gendarmes, a few damp and depressed taxi-drivers, and myself. Having walked beneath great black factory walls for a mile or more I entered a bistro and had a white wine on the *zinc*. Just outside I had read: *No hands taken on to-day*. And I guessed that some of those hands would be here. They were; and I listened. Not a word of bitterness against *le patron*—Monsieur André Citroën. Yet one heard this:

"J'ai connu 1919."

"Et moi, 1916."

What a wealth of tragedy lay behind that tiny exchange. Here were men whose very lives had been "Citroën." They dated things historically from when they had entered the firm with which they had expected to remain associated, as the most normal thing in the world, until pension time.

"They've done the dirty on him ('le coup de Jarnac'),' insisted one grizzled mechanic. "The banks! Besides, without *le patron*, where would any of us ever have been? Allons, donc! And those rotten journalists pretending that we are where we are because *le patron* gambled at Deauville!"

I wanted to pat that chap on the back. You in England like to have the truth. Well, I was at Deauville in the dizzy year, 1926, when Citroën is reputed to have lost 12,000,000 francs—then worth about £60,000. I remember the scene in the Private Room so well. Even if M. Citroën did lose that, and more since, such sum is the merest flea-bite in this story. Reflect—£760,000 has gone west from June to this present near-closing. That is nearly double as much as Monte Carlo announced as its total profits in the 1933–34 span. If Citroën had *camped* in the Private Room, he couldn't have brought on anything approaching this Krach which some put as high (share and other loss to the public) as £30,000,000. But it is no use going into astronomical figures. The all-in losses are bound to be staggering. Something like a £5,000,000 deficit is already announced. What one might say of M. Citroën could be this: he brought his inborn gambler's mind too heavily to bear upon a tremendous national undertaking that, once created by him, he insisted on conducting as Dictator.

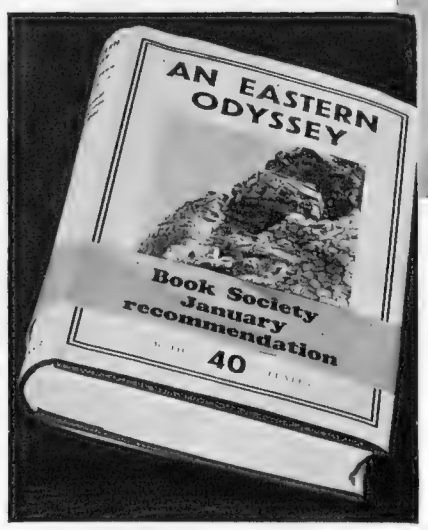
Who was this man? Of far-back Dutch extraction, he was born in Paris fifty-six years ago. He took high Polytechnic honours, when his comrade was the late Louis Loucheur, and around 1905 started a factory for making cog-wheels in the special inverted V-shape that was to become the distinguishing mark on the radiator of his car. He began with twelve workmen. In 1910, Putiloff and Skoda spotted him, and he was summoned to install plant at Moscow and at Pilsen. In that year he also went to the U.S. and contacted the fateful bug of mass production. Yet for many years after he returned to Paris cars were to continue to be for the few. Actually, he ran one of the most luxurious brands, Mors. Then 1914, and Lieutenant Citroën serving with the artillery. But not for long. Active, ever-active brain. By the first Christmas he had submitted a plan to the Grand Q.G. for the turning out of 50,000 shells a day. Utter madness, they would have said in Whitehall at this same period. Joffre's Chief Gunner got Lieutenant Citroën freed from his battery and had him set up—at Javel.

"Twenty years ago," they told me an hour since, "all that you see here was melon fields." I was in one of many hundred all-glass rooms, now inhabited by a skeleton staff, silently going about its business, and fearful of answering the telephone lest it be the sack.

Through the next four years the Citroën munitions rhythm only soared and soared; ultimately, almost beyond human belief. But did André Citroën think all the time of nothing but shells, shells? He was thinking of peace; and of converting, at speed, that mighty plant for automobile production. He had sniffed Ford from afar, and was convinced that he could produce a car for the many. M. Loucheur, being then luckily connected with armaments, Citroën, directly after Armistice, managed to come by vast steel and copper supplies at a highly attractive figure. In June, 1919, he produced the 10-h.p. "A" at the then unheard-of price of 7,950 francs. Sixty cars a day. The other firms said he was daft and awaited a rapid extinction of the enterprise. Citroën did experience difficulties—grave ones, as the future was to tell, for they brought him eventually into the hands of high finance, a thing Ford has always determinedly avoided—yet in 1923 his production had risen to 150 a day, and in the same year he placed his wonderful little 5 h.p. "Yellow Wasp" on the market. Forty of them a day to start with. But you know what happened about them—they went like sizzling cakes. And, incidentally, I shall have to draw in this story, though I must include this: During the War André Citroën also launched the bread card, centralized all coal supplies, and reorganized the Roanne Arsenal.

One glimpse of Citroën's at its height, in 1929, 25,000 directly employed, turning out 600 cars a day. Heaven knows how many hundreds of thousands indirectly employed all over France—agents, garagists, road-makers, in fact the whole paraphernalia that springs from motoring. Citroën was responsible for over a third of this motoring in France—thirty-five in every 100

(Continued on p. 148)



"AN EASTERN ODYSSEY": The English version of the narrative of the Citroën Asian Expedition which was published by Messrs. Gollancz this month

M. ANDRE CITROËN: The genius of the French car industry who believed that it was better to fight the depression rather than to retrench

THREE NEW BRIDGES

In Yugoslavia, Scotland, and the United States

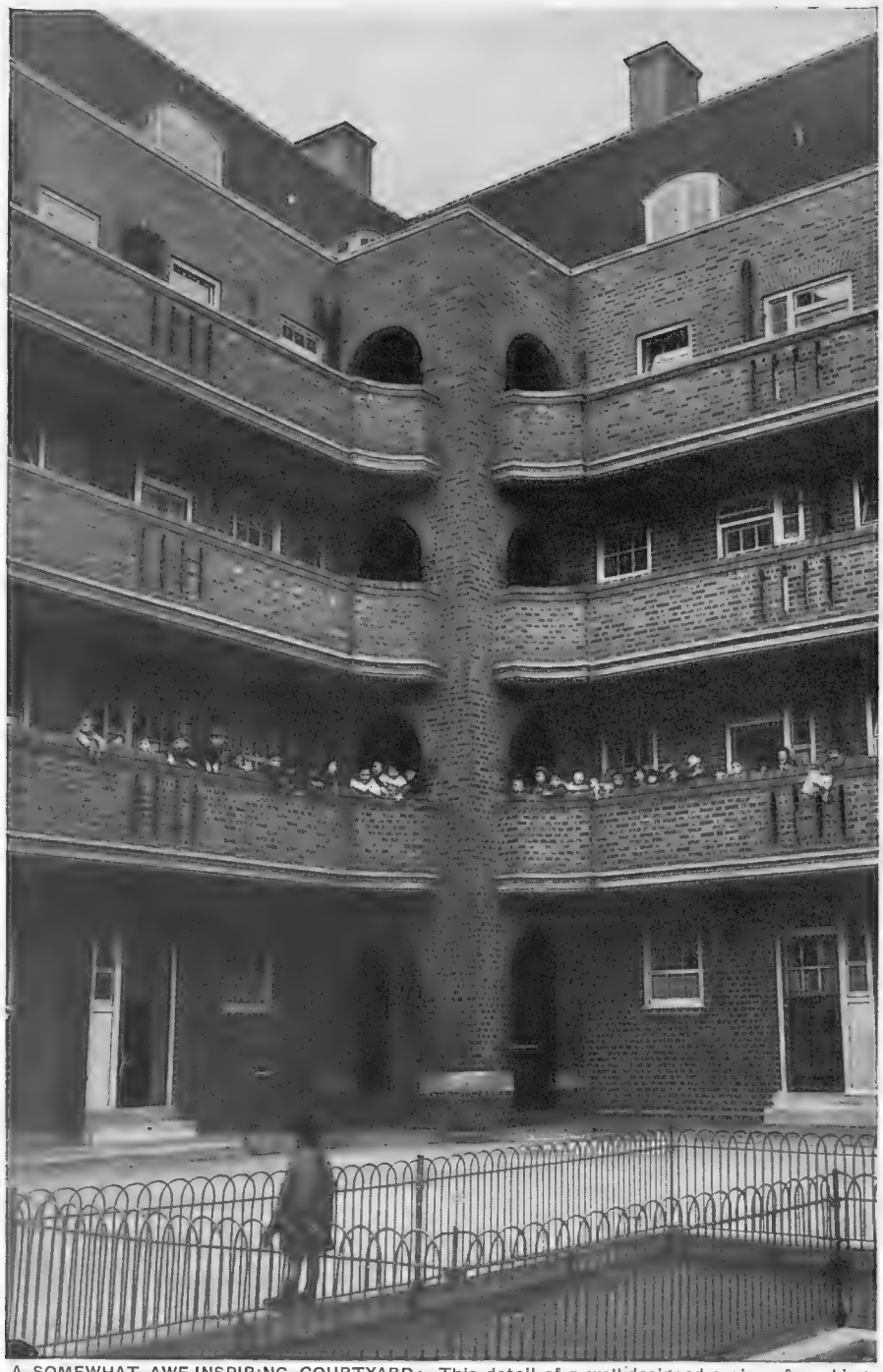
IN MEMORY OF YUGOSLAVIA'S MURDERED MONARCH: The magnificent suspension bridge over the River Save at Belgrade which is named after the late King Alexander, and which was opened recently by the Regent, Prince Paul, in the presence of members of the Government and a large concourse of spectators

AN IMPORTANT TRAFFIC LINK: Another view of the King Alexander Bridge, Belgrade, taken a few moments after its opening when the first cars and pedestrians were streaming across. It connects the Yugoslavian capital with the town of Semlin

TO FULFIL A LONG-FELT WANT: Two pictures of the new road bridge now being built across the Forth at Kincardine—a point where the river narrows from 1½ miles to ½ a mile. The bridge, which will cost somewhere in the neighbourhood of £327,000, will save motorists the delay occasioned by having to use the ferry, and will speed up communication between quite a number of towns in central Scotland. *Left*—A view showing the progress of the work. *Right*—Some of the giant piers under construction

TO SPAN THE EAST RIVER, NEW YORK: One of the anchorages of the aptly named Triborough Suspension Bridge which, when completed, will link the borough of Queens with Manhattan and the Bronx. It is costing approximately 40,000,000 dollars

TO RE-HOUSE THE SLUM



A SOMEWHAT AWE-INSPIRING COURTYARD: This detail of a well-designed series of working class flats erected by the L.C.C. prior to 1934 shows a great advancement upon many similar features in other erections by municipal bodies

THE LIFE OF THE LITTLE STREET IN SOUTH LONDON: There are acres These houses are usually of four rooms with little round-top doors; simple "bungaloid" areas and lesser suburbia. Note the

THE STREET PREFERRED TO BALCONIES: There is an attraction about the street which lures youngsters down from their airy balconies, so that they can enjoy a mutual game of skipping. In the background is the chequered frontage of a big new block in Westminster which has a convenient little shop at its entrance

A TYPICAL LITTLE DWELLING OF THE OLD ONE-STOREY TYPE: Very small in size, it had the virtue of a little backyard, and a tool or rabbit shed with possibly a tree thrown in without extra rent—all around this little relic superior buildings are rising

DWELLERS:

Illustrations Relating to the Great Problem Raised by the Government

upon acres of this type of dwelling in South London's riverside areas. enough they are, but free of the offensive details which characterize little fellow "sassing" his father on the right

A GAUNT EXCHANGE FOR THE LITTLE HOUSE: These concrete slabs are typical of the iron tidiness which the modern idea provides in re-housed areas. They look very nice and white in the architect's drawings, but when this photograph was taken they had already become streaked by the action of wind and weather

A WELCOME HOME-LIKE EXTERIOR: The general aspect of this L.C.C. estate completed some year or so ago, is friendly and liveable. The visible roofs and chimneys are welcome features

A TYPE OF STREET WHICH SHOULD BE RECONDITIONED: There are a considerable number of streets both in North and South London liable to be condemned as "slums," which are really very beautifully designed. They have fallen from a once higher estate. If they are demolished their doorways will be snatched up by architects for insertion in expensive houses. *On left*—An example of the new white-faced "modern" working-class flats which have been erected in certain districts. They seem scarcely suitable for city use where the whiteness would need constant maintenance

HUEY LONG

The Amazing Louisiana Senator whose Eccentricities Have Made Him One of the Most Discussed Figures in American Politics and Who is Planning to Oppose Roosevelt at the Next Election

"THE LOUISIANA KINGFISH": A characteristic study of Senator Huey Long (left) who, in spite of the fact that he is the laughing stock of the United States, is to-day virtual Dictator of Louisiana. The American journal, *Life*, says of him: "Behind the tomfoolery he has a purpose. While we chuckle at his absurdity he captures power"

Huey Long, of the pink palace in New Orleans, is coming to the rescue of the United States. He will be a candidate for the Presidency in 1936 on an anti-Roosevelt third-party ticket. Huey recently admitted, notwithstanding his innate modesty, that "I am the kind of President that this country needs."

Huey is something more than the senior United States senator from Louisiana. (There is another senator from Louisiana by the name of Overton, whom someone has described as "a good man gone Long.") He is the indubitable boss of Louisiana. He controls the governor and the legislature of the State; the legislature having recently passed forty-four Bills in a very few days, giving Long complete control of the executive and legislative branches of the Government, and of the city of New Orleans, which is now practically stripped of its autonomous powers. Moreover, it appears that Long will shortly control the judicial branch of the State Government.

Huey Long, because of the curious sound of his name and his somewhat picturesque behaviour, has sometimes been called "our only Chinese senator." He recently proposed that the State of Louisiana secede from the United States and join Mexico. He also recently took six special train-loads of people from New Orleans to Nashville, Tennessee, to attend a football game between the University of Louisiana and Vanderbilt University. Each of the trains was repainted with the colours of the University of Louisiana.

Huey Long is popular with the Cajuns, mostly an impoverished and illiterate class, because he makes his appeal to "the common people." He is popular with Roman Catholics because, although he is a Baptist, he compelled the State to furnish free textbooks to parochial schools. At the same time, he gave his State, which had practically no roads at all, one of the best highway systems in the United States, and provided the State university, for the first time, with adequate funds to finance the program and the staff of a really creditable school of learning.

Huey Long's knowledge of the law and his ability as a lawyer are amazing. He is better acquainted with Shakespeare and the Bible than many professors. He can read, and remember, a book as fast as he can turn its pages.

As a candidate for president, Long has announced his intention to give every citizen of the United States who needs it 5,000 dollars. At least, that is his latest proposition to the citizens of Louisiana, and he has stated that he proposes to extend his programme to the whole country. He also proposes to limit the wealth that any American may accumulate to 10,000,000 dollars. He further proposes to declare a debt moratorium for two years, and to abolish all debts of 8 dollars or more.

This last proposal has been explained by some of Long's critics as follows: to every person whom Long took from New Orleans to Nashville for the football game he lent 7 dollars!

At the same time that Long has announced his intention to invade the presidential field, Upton Sinclair, novelist and radical, who polled more than 680,000 votes in the recent campaign for Governor in California, has announced that he too will enter national politics with his Epic (and poverty in civilization) programme. He, too, may be an anti-Roosevelt candidate for the presidency in 1936.

And, beyond Long and Sinclair, there is the American Liberty League, backed by such men as Alfred E. Smith, the only Roman Catholic ever to be nominated for the presidency of the United States; John W. Davis, a conspicuously unsuccessful Democratic candidate for the presidency of the United States; Irenee Du Pont, one of the United States' wealthiest munitions makers; John J. Raskob, of General Motors; and James E. Wadsworth, millionaire congressman.

It is interesting to note, however, that, at this point, in any case, the American Liberty League regards Franklin D. Roosevelt as unbeatable, and plans to confine its efforts from now until 1940, when the crippled man in the White House will no longer be eligible to re-election, to "a campaign of education."

Even more significant is the fact that no one any longer takes the Republican party, which first came into power with the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860, seriously. From 1860 until 1912, the Democratic party did not really figure in American national politics. Woodrow Wilson would not have been elected then if Theodore Roosevelt had not bolted the Republican party and campaigned on the Bull Moose ticket. It was humiliating to the Republican to acknowledge Wilson's election. It was impossible for him to understand it.

The Republican had arrived at the deep-seated conviction that he, and he alone, was born to rule the United States. He regarded the Democratic party as an organization for southerners to belong to "on account of the Civil War." To-day his party is as dust in the wind. He faces not only the fact that he is ruled by a Democrat, but the possibility (not very great, to be sure) that he may be ruled by Huey Long.

In canvassing possible names for Long's projected third party, it has already been suggested that Huey should call it the I.O.U. party. The drollery with which he approaches the question of debt, and of finance generally, perhaps made that epithet inevitable. But for the unfortunate people of Louisiana it is not all drollery. The Federal Government has recently announced that it will withhold all further relief funds from the Bayou State until such time as it can investigate the effect of Long's influence on the future of Louisiana's financial status. It has also "postponed indefinitely" two Federal loans for public works in the city of New Orleans, loans in the total amount of 3,000,000 dollars, which it had already approved.

FROM LOG CABIN TO WHITE HOUSE? Senator Huey at the table. He intends to stand for President in 1936

The Huey Long type of politician is unfortunately not an uncommon figure in American politics. Long is conspicuous merely because he is a better showman than most of them, and because he happens to be, in a curious way, a brilliant man. The type is most common in the South where illiteracy is the most general, and where it is an easy matter to ruin an able man by appealing to a senseless prejudice.

In the Southern States, the rumour that a candidate did not believe in the infallibility of the Bible, that he was secretly a Roman Catholic, that in the North he ate dinner at the same table with a negro—any of these, and similar charges, even if their foundation in fact were highly questionable, would in many cases be sufficient to defeat a good man and to keep a demagogue in power.

For reasons such as these it is necessary to regard Huey Long seriously, however incredible that may seem. It is the American political demagogue who is the real menace to the Roosevelt administration.

Nelson Springer

A VERBAL BATTLE: The Senator (right) testifying before a Committee of Enquiry in 1933, when an investigation was made into certain irregularities which were said to have taken place in a Louisiana election

FLYING TO SKI

AN INTERESTING INNOVATION: Every Saturday and Sunday during the Winter eager parties assemble at the Munich Aerodrome, ready to fly out to the nearest ski-ing slopes. These flights, which cost a matter of shillings rather than of pounds, are becoming increasingly popular as they allow enthusiasts to enjoy a much longer period of sport than would otherwise be possible. In this picture two of the 'planes are seen after reaching their destination

SUNBATHING ON THE WINGS: A picture taken at the landing field at Garmisch, a well-known winter sports centre, where most of the 'planes go at the week-end. It is about 50 miles south of Munich and stands near the foot of the Zugspitze, the highest mountain in Germany

ALFRESCO BREAKFAST

Having a meal beneath the fuselage of a 'plane before going out for a day's ski-ing

LOCAL INTEREST

The novel method of transport to the slopes captures the attention of the youth of the village

Resting before returning to Munich after an arduous but exhilarating day

TIRED BUT CHEERFUL

A BONESHAKER OF THE '60's: A bicycle patented in 1869 which had rubber, but not pneumatic, tyres and an extremely light steel frame. At this period it will be noted that the pedals were attached to the hub of the front wheel

THE TYPE-PRINTING TELEGRAPH MACHINE invented by Sir Charles Wheatstone (1802–1875) in 1841. This scientist also had a share in the perfecting of the magneto-electric machines which culminated in the modern dynamo

"MANY INVENTIONS"

A Visit to the Patent Office in Chancery Lane

By CHARLES GRAVES

Sooner or later each one of us either gets a brain-wave or has a friend who gets one. Somebody says, "Why don't you take out a patent? There may be a fortune in it?" And that is usually all that happens. Inventors in this country are regarded in much the same way as Communists, amateur playwrights, and other kinds of cranks. In the United States it is quite different. Inventors are treated with respect and little of that scepticism so prevalent in England. It is quite true that you can probably count on the fingers of your two hands all the successful professional inventors. And yet, every year, nearly 40,000 inventions are patented. By the way, all the best people pronounce this word with a short A. The vast majority of them (the patents, of course) are improvements on some existing device.

Be that as it may, I paid a visit last week to the Patent Office situated in a large and rambling building off Chancery Lane, where the first thing I discovered was that, just as an intelligent man when confronted with a Police Court case will hire a solicitor to watch his interests, so any of us with a bright idea which he wishes to protect should go to one of the two or three hundred firms of patent agents. One of the biggest is bang opposite the Patent Office. Here I was told that an invention must be new; it must be useful; it must be a manner of manufacture; it must not be immoral, nor inconvenient to the public, nor harmful to trade by raising the prices of commodities. The last two qualifications are generally disregarded, but they can be acted upon by the courts in special cases calling for adjudication in this respect.

To take out a patent for four years costs you £6, apart from the fee of 4 or 5 guineas to the patent agent—an investment well worth while to make sure that there are no loopholes in your specification. The sum is divided into £1 for your application and £4 for your complete specification. The remaining £1 is for the sealing of the patent. Every patent lapses after sixteen years. After the first four years the renewal fee mounts by arithmetical progression. Thus it costs £5 in respect of the fifth year; £6 in respect of the sixth, and so on. In the present generation no fewer than five Acts have been passed to make the patent system more waterproof.

It was only in 1932 that frivolous inventions were ruled out of court. In the Patent Office archives are kept thousands of delicious, duly registered inventions. In a combined hat and umbrella, for example, the umbrella folds against the brim in fine weather, and when in use extends downwards over the shoulders. To prevent sea sickness, inflated balloons are attached to the seats in ships. (Thus a nearly horizontal position of the seats is preserved notwithstanding the motion of the boat to which this invention is attached).

An eye-shade for enabling a golfer to observe the movements of his head in the golf swing is made of thin opaque material, the shade being attached to the player's cap by means of a spring clip, while the forward edge is shaped so that it is horizontal during the swing. Another sea-sick remedy is a circular spirit level attached to a head device and carried in such a way that the wearer can see when the ship varies from the horizontal, and can thus move his head accordingly. (The level may be mounted on a wrist strap or secured to the clothing.) There are hundreds of inventions patented in connection with perpetual motion. Male clothing is another happy hunting ground of the crank. A rain-absorber consists of a band of sponges to be worn on the person to prevent the water falling off hats and umbrellas. When the sponges are filled they can be taken off and squeezed dry. A splash guard for trousers comprises a piece of flexible material for attachment to the back of the trousers by means of clips. Also there are combined coat and waistcoats, an anti-friction neck-tie, a dry-seat overcoat, inflatable neck-ties, patent dance shoes, patent hats (provided with receptacles for cigars, cigarettes, matches, and a brush), patent reversible gloves (made possible by the provision of two thumbs on the opposite sides of the gloves). Why, I could go on for hours with inventions for stunning pigs, preventing "body snatching," embalming corpses, and so on.

As far as I can make out the first patent registered in the British Patent Office, dated 1617 A.D., refers to a survey map of London. Other early grants include the application of cement to ships to prevent their being burnt by gunpowder. Exactly 300 years ago we come across the first military invention—a new grinder for arrow-heads. It was in 1661 that the current Marquis of Worcester was granted a patent for a clock that needed no kind of winding. He seems to have been an inventive old boy, because he also patented a device to make guns recharge every six seconds and "an 'engyne' by which a child of six years old may in the twinkling of an eye loose the horses from the coach though the horses become never so unruly, and thus save all persons in the coach from runaway horses."

Nowadays most inventions are to do with electrical, chemical, or engineering improvements. Thus, in the "Official Journal," issued by the Patent Office every week, one sees in the January 9 issue several patents granted for the regulation of thermic apparatus, variable speeds transmission for motor vehicles, manufacture of dye stuffs, mechanism for driving the turntable of rotary drilling apparatus, cabinets for wireless receivers, and apparatus for controlling the liquid level within submersible bells. Less stodgy of the latest list of accepted specifications are patents for the manufacture of indiarubber balls, methods of fastening railway rails to sleepers, electrically-driven clocks, mouth-wash powders, poultices, apparatus for cashing Treasury notes, and rocking-horses.

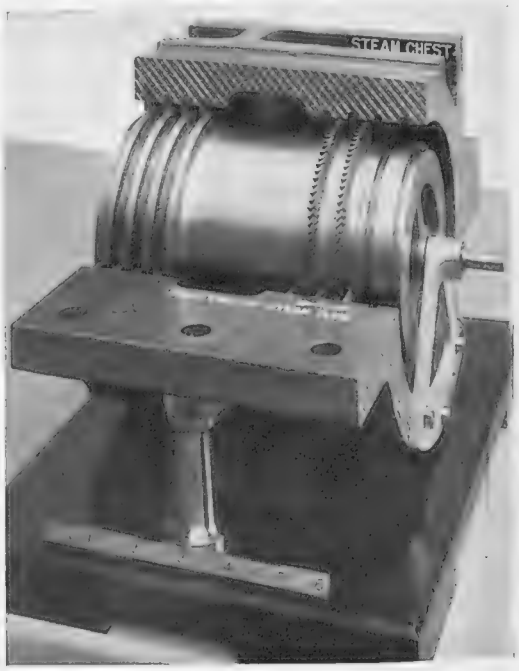
While the Patent Office does not guarantee that any invention which it allows to be registered is in fact new, yet, so extensive is the search made beforehand that its validity, or rather priority, is almost certain to be upheld. So, considering the enormous number of inventions which come in every day (all of which have to be vetted) it is astonishing what a small staff is employed. All told, there are just 300 examiners. Each is an expert. They are divided into twenty-seven different groups. From the latest official report I see that the total salary list of the 781 people employed (including charwomen and the Manchester branch) is well below £300,000. While the profits to the nation were £173,000, despite the reserve of £33,500 for pensions, and the bill of £60,000 for stationery, books, and printing.

To get back to the practical side of the application for patents, the title of your invention must cover the whole subject matter and is not intended to be the name under which the invention is to be sold. Thus fancy names or titles such as "The Simplex Wheel" or "Hercules Braces" are not allowed, any more than is the use of the inventor's name or the word "patent." It is curious that in so practical a Government department as the Patent Office there is a finnicky objection to the use of the abbreviation "etc." Apparently you have to say "and the like." The specification of all the other documents, except the drawings, must be written, typewritten, lithographed, or printed in permanent black ink on one side only of white paper measuring approximately 13 in. by 8 in., leaving a margin of at least 1½ in. on the left-hand side. The provisional specification must contain the full name, address, and nationality of each applicant, and the title of the invention. The complete specification must contain so detailed a description of the invention that it could be carried into practical effect by competent workmen from the directions of the document alone. In the specification you should not put any flowery claims for the efficiency or advantages of the invention. This will not cut any ice (to change the metaphor) with the examiners.

Obviously, the figure of £6 which I gave as the cost of taking out a patent only covers Great Britain; but with the exception of Russia and China, practically every civilised (if indeed Russia is civilised) country is a party to the International Convention whereby any person who makes application for a patent in this country can claim priority of date for applications in respect of the same invention in any of the other countries within twelve months.

The 1934 Report of the Patent Office will not be out for another five weeks. In consequence, it is not possible to say yet what the trend of invention last year will prove to have been. One can guess however that they will be chiefly in connection with electricity, internal combustion engines, wireless, and the isolation of hormones from animal tissues.

THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE, patented by Elias Howe of Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1845. Compared with the almost perfect types of to-day it was somewhat crude in operation, but the principle invented by Howe was destined to revolutionize more than one industry



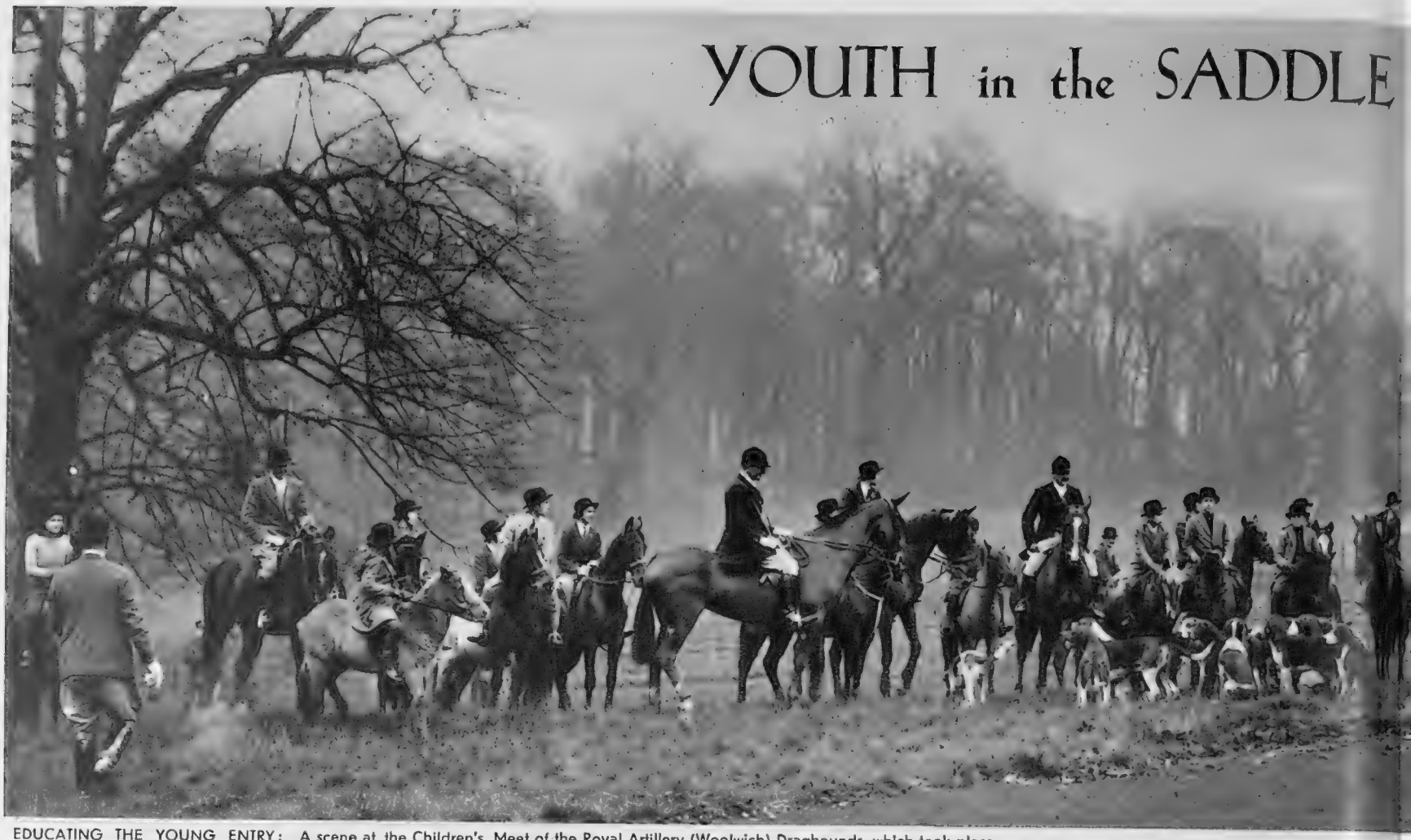
COMPOUND REACTION TURBINE introduced by Sir Charles Parsons in 1884 for converting the kinetic energy of steam directly into rotary motion. It was first intended for driving electric generating machinery, and afterwards applied with tremendous success to ship propulsion

DEATH-DEALING TONGUES: A giant 18-in. long chameleon from Madagascar (a new arrival at the Zoo) contrasted with a much smaller species. Apart from their ability to change colour, the most extraordinary feature of these creatures is their tongue. These are covered with a sticky secretion, and are kept in a constricted state like a spring in a tube, so that they can be shot out in a flash to capture insects which come within range

NEWS FROM THE LONDON ZOO

"THE DOMINANT SEX": Mrs. Rhino (right) has the reputation of being a bit of a virago, and it is evident from this picture that she is engaged in criticizing her obviously henpecked husband

YOUTH in the SADDLE



EDUCATING THE YOUNG ENTRY: A scene at the Children's Meet of the Royal Artillery (Woolwich) Draghounds, which took place a few days ago at Mount Mascal, near Bexley, Kent. These meets, which are now held by most of the leading packs, are intended to give boys and girls home on holiday an opportunity of learning the etiquette of the hunting field and of acquiring a knowledge of the finer points of the sport. Before hounds move off to draw, the Master usually gives a lecture

AT THE GATE

A rider and her youthful charge arriving for the Children's Meet of the Whaddon Chase at Mentmore, Leighton Buzzard—the home of Lord Rosebery, one of the Joint Masters

Juvenile followers of the Garth riding towards the after the Children's Meet held at the kennels at Berkshire. This picture gives an excellent idea o nature of the country, about a third of which consis

A WELL-TURNED-OUT TRIO: The Misses Christian, Peggy, and Moira Hall at the recent Pony Meet of the County Down at Seaforde. This famous Irish pack of staghounds hunts a large area, to the south of Belfast, which abounds in thorn-fences, ditches, banks, walls, water, and timber capable of testing even the most experienced rider

ards the first covert
kennels at Bracknell,
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ich consists of heath

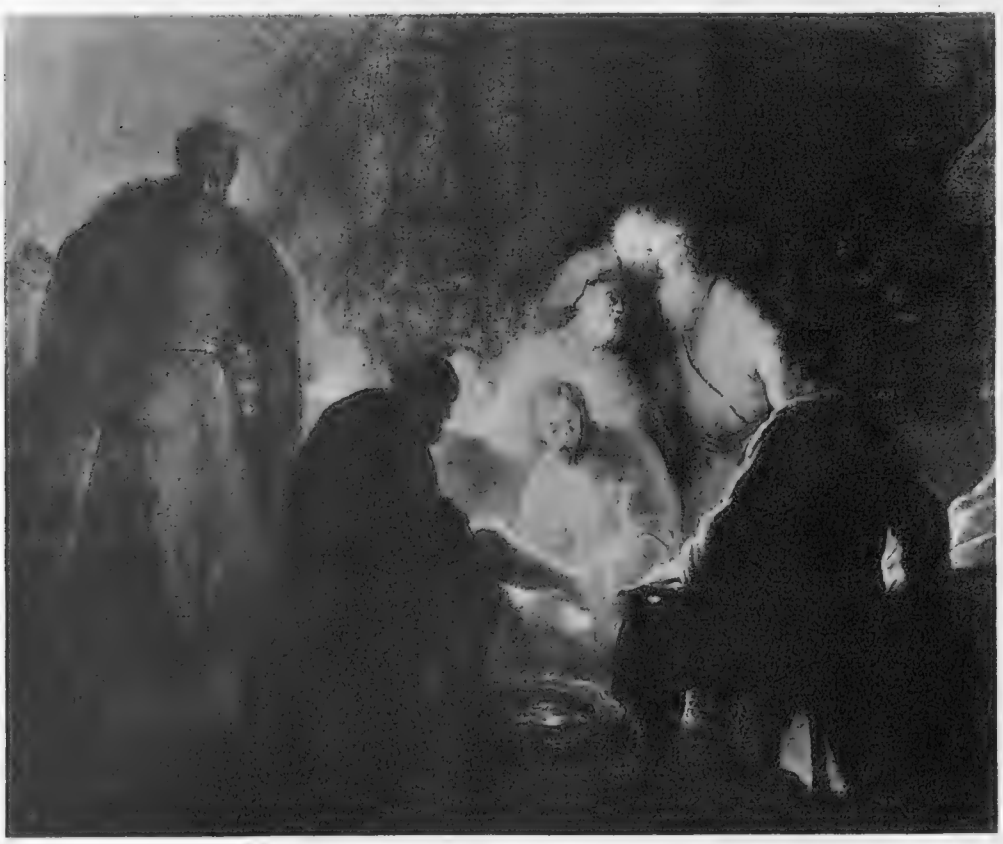
FORDING THE STREAM

REMBRANDT IN THE UNITED STATES

Four of the Many Works by the Dutch Master which are Now in American Art Galleries and Private Collections

A MUCH-TRAVELLED MASTERPIECE

One of at least ten portraits by Rembrandt of his son Titus who was born in 1641—seven years after the artist's marriage to Saskia van Uylenburch. The picture, which at one time belonged to Catherine the Great, was recently sold from the Hermitage Museum in Petrograd to a Continental art dealer, from whom it passed into the possession of an American collector



"CHRIST WASHING THE FEET OF THE DISCIPLES"

This biblical subject painting, which was purchased a short while ago by the Art Institute of Chicago, is said to have been among the assets of Rembrandt when he was declared bankrupt in 1656 and all his property was sold up

THE ARTIST'S SISTER: A canvas which once belonged to the late Sir Joseph Robinson, the South African mining millionaire, and which was recently sold by the Newhouse Galleries, New York. It is of Liesbeth Rembrandt and is dated 1633, when the great Dutch painter was about twenty-six years of age, and when he had already achieved fame with his sensational picture, "The Anatomy Lesson"

"A WOMAN WITH ORIENTAL HEADDRESS": This portrait has been acquired by Mr. W. J. Hole of Los Angeles, and probably belongs to the period when Rembrandt first settled in Amsterdam. It is in an excellent state of preservation

Americans have always had a profound admiration for Shakespeare and in the boom years they came in their thousands as pilgrims to Stratford-on-Avon. It is easy to understand, then, why they should have an almost equal regard for Rembrandt, for the two men had much in common and, in their mastery of expression in the different mediums in which they worked, were unique. To-day there are well over 100 examples of Rembrandt's art in the United States and, if times were more prosperous, there is no doubt that there would be many more.

Of recent months Rembrandt has been much in the news on account of a remarkable play which has been presented in Holland and in Germany and which takes the form of a re-hearing in a modern court of the artist's bankruptcy trial. Strangely enough the play was a tremendous success in Berlin but somewhat of a failure at The Hague.

ROBBING THE MIKE OF ITS TERRORS

The London School of Broadcasting where actors, public speakers, and all users of the microphone can be instructed in the art of addressing unseen audiences

ON THE AIR: Gladys Cooper, Raymond Massey and Adrianne Allen (R. to L.) before the microphone in one of the studios at the school when they went there a few days ago to do a trial broadcast of *The Shining Hour* in order to ascertain if the play was suitable for Radio presentation

THE MAN BEHIND THE SCENES: Mr. Bertram Fryer, the managing director and founder of the London School of Broadcasting, at the control panel. Here he records speeches, songs, commentaries, etc., made in the studios, and at the same time instructs students, through the small microphone in front of him, on points of technique and voice production. Mr. Fryer has had close on ten years' experience with the B.B.C., and is consequently well fitted to give tuition

THE PLAY-BACK MACHINE: When students have finished giving a performance in the studio, this instrument plays a record of what they have done—thus enabling them to detect their own faults

Below—IN STUDIO NO. 1: An orchestra rehearsing

HEARING HER VOICE AS OTHERS HEAR IT: Gladys Cooper listening to a play-back of *The Shining Hour*

(Pictures by A. Console)

THE END OF A BATTLE OF LIFE AND DEATH: Gaffing a pike from a boat on Hickling Broad, Norfolk. The pike-fishing season is now at its zenith and, judging from recent reports, anglers are enjoying unusually good sport. Several 30-pounders have been caught

WAR ON

And Other
Matters of

A PISCATORIAL CUSTOM: Neil Brown, the head ghillie, carrying out the time-honoured ceremony of breaking a bottle over the boats on the opening day of the salmon-fishing season on Loch Tay, while other members of the party drink the toast of "Tight Lines." In the background is the old Bridge of Kenmore

"THE WIZARD OF THE
who is seen here fish
these fish are present
they almost amount to
and trout, an effort is
fishing rights are giv
in the attack, and

Right — Mr. E. C. Sher
Wye

ON THE PIKE

Fishing Interest

IN SEARCH OF THE "RIVER SHARK": *Left*—A reedy channel, connecting Hickling Broad with Horsey Mere, which has a great reputation as a pike water among Norfolk anglers. *Right*—Stunning a pike before removing the hook. These fish are well known for being the most voracious feeders and are said to exceed even the shark in the relative quantity of food they consume. When prompted by hunger to bid for higher game, they will sometimes kill ducks, geese, water-hens, and water-rats. Thoreau describes them as the "swiftest, coarsest, and most ravenous of fishes"

WYE": This is the nickname of Mr. Robert Pashley ing for pike near Keren Bridge, Hereford. This season in the river in such abnormally large numbers that a plague, and, as they do so much damage to salmon being made to deal with the situation. Owners of ing free permits to all anglers who are willing to join prizes are being offered for record catches.

wood, of Ross, who has landed over 100 pike on the since November 1 of last year

A TALE OF OLD CHINA: Esmé Percy as Prime Minister Wang, Maisie Darrell in the title rôle, and Roger Livesey as Hsieh Ping-Kuei in *Lady Precious Stream* which, after a short break for the Christmas season of Maskelyne's Mysteries, is now continuing its run at the Little

DRAMA

"The Wind and the Rain" Re-visited: Chinese Sentiment and Poetry at the Little: "Masquerade"—an Emotional Cocktail Palatable to both Lowbrows and Highbrows

By

PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY

THE AMAZON: Fabia Drake as the Princess of the Western Regions standing at the gate of China. Another scene from *Lady Precious*

Not only is the pantomime season, at last, over, but as well quite a number of plays have finished or are finishing their long or short runs.

Certain others seem to be lasting in a phenomenal manner. *The Wind and the Rain*, that quiet, unpretentious play, for example, is drawing as good houses as ever, after more than fifty weeks of successful performance.

It is the kind of play which defeats those who claim to be able to judge the popular demand, and predict not only what theatre-goers want, but what they are going to want in their entertainment.

It has no lavish setting; its one interior of Landseer engravings, Victorian mahogany and excruciating wallpaper, contrasting vividly with the splendour of several recent productions, costume and otherwise, whose titles are already forgotten. It has little humour, except that supplied by Mackenzie Ward's pose of mischievous Don Juanism, with which he makes us laugh as much with him as at him. There are no thrills; we cannot even have a "good cry," which to some represents an idea of a happy evening.

The Wind and the Rain might be described as a phase of almost anyone's life in its uneventful development.

Just three young men, medical students, whom we see being completely natural, growing a little more adult as their characters emerge during the five years of their lives which they show us; their landlady, whom they obviously adore, since they stay with her so long, despite her garrulousness; the two girls between whom Charles Tritton—played with delightful diffidence by Robert Harris—must choose.

Not very much to make a play.

The acting is very good, but no better than we expect from a cast which includes Margaret Moffat, Ivan Brandt, George de Warfaz, and Tracy Holmes, who have all very varied experience. Miss Celia Johnson, however, the girl to whom Charles Tritton owes, doubtless, much of his serious development shows us, to begin with, too much of her "startled fawn" expression. Meeting such a mild and "anxious to please" young man as Charles Tritton in the nervous loneliness of the commencement of a University career should not cause a somewhat emancipated young woman such great alarm.

So to what does this play owe a run which has every sign of continuing and continuing? I have an idea that much of its great charm is due to the fact that it is "Youth" incarnate.

Youth itself must enjoy hearing such lines as "You can't allow parents to dictate . . . tell your mother to go to h——!" Or, "One must have happiness and independence—you can't have one without the other."

The older generation sees itself as in a mirror, re-lives its adolescent pangs, and yearns, maternally or paternally as the case may be, over Youth with the uncredited wisdom of the years between.

ROBERT DOUGLAS, who has joined the cast of *Theatre Royal*, the play by Edna Ferber and George Kaufman which is enjoying such a long run at the Lyric. He is taking the part formerly played by Laurence Olivier, who has been incapacitated by an accident on the stage

Of a very different order is another stayer, *Sporting Love*, at the Gaiety. Stanley Lupino's and Laddie Cliff's efforts in that musical comedy are causing as much laughter in its second year as in its first.

Young England is moved to Daly's since it is impossible to disappoint an audience which demands its continuance. *The Shining Hour* having passed its 150th performance is another which is obviously going to join the list of the long runs which *Ten Minute Alibi* and *Clive of India* have also demonstrated are possible.

A Success at the Little.—As far removed as possible from any of the foregoing is *Lady Precious Stream* which, however, holds the prospect of as considerable a length of life.

After the success of its first presentation, and temporary abeyance for *Alice in Wonderland*, it has been revived to even greater enthusiasm. Anything more exquisite and delicious than this fairy-tale of Chinese sentiment and poetry can hardly be imagined.

Even the names of the Prime Minister's three daughters sound like music! "Golden Stream," "Silver Stream," and then, sweeter than all Occidental Cinderellas—the beloved, forlorn, and deserted "Precious Stream," played by Maisie Darrell, whose voice ripples with the gentleness her name conveys.

As the young girl, defiant in the face of parental disapproval of her lover, yet humble in tradition, her gestures show us the painting of Chinese porcelain suddenly imbued with life. As the triumphant bride, happy in poverty, each pose is a picture. One cannot help but applaud her delight in her handsome husband, Roger Livesey, who goes out early in the morning to slay a tiresome dragon which has been haunting the neighbourhood and, to his great disappointment finds it to be "only a tiger!"

Such gallant bravery must capture and hold both wifely admiration and devotion, and it is only natural that when it leads the hero to search

for further glory in distant wars, the Lady Precious Stream should wait, even for eighteen sad and celibate years, for her husband's spectacular return.

The presentation of the play is in the traditional manner and handled less perfectly might have added unintentional humour to that which exists, most happily, already.

The limp property men at either side of the unfurnished stage throw away their cigarettes when required to produce a stool or cushion; they lead off the invisible horse, the hero bestrides most convincingly; and both, when he leaves to conquer the Western regions, and on his return with a foreign princess in hot pursuit and honourable intention, at the head of her weary legions, they provide the clattering hoofs in naïve ostentation.

Fabia Drake, as the foreign princess, was Amazonian enough to make the relinquishment of her conquered kingdom understandable. Madame Wang (Louise Hampton), the mother of Precious Stream, has a "human-ness" nearer than China, for it has its echoes in every family drawing-room!

A lovely play in so many ways and, as an additional interest, it is possible to see at close quarters, after the performance, the hangings, chopsticks, and jade trifles, used in the play, which have been lent for its exquisite production by their to-be-envied owners.

Chorus versus Cabaret.—From such a fantasy as *Lady Precious Stream*, I went to see the more material cabaret show which is put on for the "smart" supper crowd at the Dorchester Hotel.

I use the word "smart" purposely, inspired by cuttings from the English and American Press. I do not think that chorus girls have been very well paid at any time, and they seem, as a feature of the London theatre, to be dying out. There are many who still remember the world-wide fame of, for example, the Gaiety girls, and how so many of them rose to dizzy heights of Fame, Wealth, Position or all three. If it is true that those toasts of London were not chorus but "show girls" then they have successors still holding their position in the glorification so advertised by Mr. Ziegfeld, but, no longer in the theatre! In other words, they have migrated to the hotels de luxe, to be shown off instead in the once-despised cabaret.

I feel that for this there must be a reason.

with her "army" at *Stream*

A well-known American journal offers one other than that the remuneration and possibilities of the theatre no longer attract show or chorus girls. I shall quote from it.

In describing her impressions of her engagement in English cabaret one "returned to store" American girl told an American reporter that at "Dorchester House you fall over dukes and princes!" "*But*," her companion, also returning, commented, "*the real trouble* is that the men who are in earnest have no money at all and the rich ones are triflers. A really fine man asked me to wait while he went out to India *for three years*."

All this, however, is by no means meant as a disparagement of the very excellent entertainment produced in those "smart" surroundings at the Dorchester. I did not fall over any dukes, but I came away with "an earful of music," and certainly an eye full of very good dancing of every variety. I also did realise why American girls are so desired for this type of increasingly popular work. It is because these Americans are more versatile, more accomplished than is customary in the English girl who starts, instead of completing her career, in teamwork. Each and every one of them now is chosen for her ability to do something; she must be able to give her own little "star" turn; and good looks and grooming, with a pearly smile, are not enough.

I have just one more comment to make, and that is that there is one performer in the cabaret who alone is worth the price of the evening. He is the waiter who waits on "Vitch," the pantomimist. If, since the programme leaves him in obscurity he *is* a waiter then he ought to be an actor. If he *is* an actor then he certainly ought to be a star! But, perhaps, if he is a waiter, it would be better for him to consider carefully which is the more paying profession.

"Masquerade."—The Viennese film presented at the Academy Cinema has come to England with reports of Continental success which are described as sensational and record-breaking.

It has been running for some sixteen weeks in Paris and over five months in Berlin; there is no reason to suppose that it will not have an equal success here.

Although based upon an authentic scandal in pre-War Viennese society, the handling of its theme once again displays the talent of Walter Reisch and establishes his reputation as the first story-writer and scenarist in the film world to-day.

Masquerade is a mixture in which music, humour, decor, and sentiment are shaken up like an emotional cocktail palatable to both low and highbrow taste.

Paula Wessely stars as a young girl unwittingly involved in an attempt to protect a lady of fashion from the result of her whimsical indiscretion—the which has ended in the publication of her portrait wearing only a mask and a muff borrowed from her rival for the artist's favour!

Owing to faults of projection the charm of her very unusual expressiveness is sometimes lost, but her speaking and singing voices enchant at all times. Of the latter one would like more.

But there is a great deal in the technical side of the film which repays study, and Willy Forst's direction is always faultless. In the next Reisch Film, however, I understand that Walter Reisch has undertaken the direction himself. It has been named *Episode* and is apost-War period story. It will be interesting to see the clothes which we wore eight or nine years ago and hear tunes which we shall wonder we liked. "Yes, we have no bananas," for example!

Right—A MEDIEVAL TRAGEDY: Joyce Bland in the title rôle of The Duchess of Malfi, the play by John Webster (a contemporary of Shakespeare) which has been revived at the Embassy. The plot is based on an incident in Neapolitan history, and deals with the vengeance wrought by Ferdinand, Duke of Calabria on his sister for her defiance of the family honour in marrying Antonio, the steward of the household. The Duchess is subjected to the most fantastic tortures, but eventually the Duke pays the penalty for his cruelty by going mad

THE DUCHESS LIES DEAD: Another scene from John Webster's play which was first presented at the Blackfriars Theatre about 1616, and which has been many times revived. Some critics have condemned it as "a mere string of horrors" or as "a welter of gory nonsense," but Charles Lamb acclaimed it as a work of genius

The World of Books

Sophie Dawes and the Prince de Condé—Marjorie Bowen's Historical Novel about an Historic Crime: Knut Hamsun Reveals His Sense of Humour in a Saga of Scandinavian Life

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

Two men, talking in a Fleet Street pub. were overheard by a third. They were discussing a well-known novelist: handsome, attractive, successful, yet a puzzle to his friends and acquaintances. He would go abroad for long periods to work, and during that time no one ever heard a word from him. And he had uncanny ideas. He was convinced, for instance, that man contains the potentiality of a new being.

They were talking about Ivor Trent, and at this point Trent, who was listening, fled. Down on to the Embankment he rushed, leaned over the wall, "gazed into the vapoury void" (for it was foggy), and after a period of contemplation was confronted by an apparition. He saw the face clearly. "It reflected thoughts and emotions unknown to present-day humanity. The glance of the eyes transmitted a secret wisdom. The forehead was crested with serenity. "*Trent knew that a man from the Future confronted him.*"

That, in a nutshell, states the argument, and is the crux, the kernel, of Mr. Claude Houghton's new novel, THIS WAS IVOR TRENT (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). It contains a wealth of characterization, treated in Mr. Houghton's particular style, which many people find difficult, but I hope that Mr. Houghton will never be tempted to write down to these myopic boosters of mediocrity. He is a fine artist.

In *This Was Ivor Trent* the Book Society has, for once, chosen an important book.

HINTS ON RIDING: Illustrations by Winifred Roberts from Lieut.-Colonel M. F. McTaggart's new book, *Horsemanship for Boys and Girls*, which has just been published by Methuen. The author is one of the greatest living experts on his subject, and he explains things in a manner that even the youngest can understand. *Left*—How the hands should be held when at the trot. *Right*—Landing freely

THE WRONG AND THE RIGHT WAY WITH A PULLER: "If your pony gallops off," says Colonel McTaggart, "and you try to stop him by pushing your legs forward, leaning back in your saddle, and hauling on to the reins as hard as you can, he will not understand you." The picture on the right shows the proper seat in such an emergency

In a field of literature she has made peculiarly her own Miss Marjorie Bowen has few rivals and no equals. True, there are books in which the same method is discernible, and there have been some as good as anything Miss Bowen has written, but I would hazard a shrewd guess that they come, by way of pseudonyms, from the same pen.

THE SCANDAL OF SOPHIE DAWES (John Lane. 15s.), is the story of an historic crime which was never officially solved. The murder of the old Prince de Condé, in 1830; the contemporary scene, the squalor, the grimness, the horror of the whole story is a subject to extend the author's full powers.

Sophie Dawes, the muscular daughter of a Bembridge fisherman was discovered by the Prince de Condé in a house of ill-fame in London, where she had only attained the position of chambermaid. She became his mistress, set up a comfortable establishment, and in about 1815 followed him to Paris.

After an unsuccessful interlude of marriage to a man who had been chosen only to act as a cloak to her liaison with the last of the Condés, and who failed to appreciate the honour, Sophie Dawes abandoned all pretence, and set herself to get all the money, jewellery, estates, and honours possible, from her elderly lover.

She was a termagant, and treated him actually with physical violence, though it is doubtful whether she "threw in his face the little carriage and horses," as Miss Bowen seems to imply. Eventually the old prince died a violent death, presumably at her hands and with the connivance of Louis Philippe, and Sophie Dawes returned to England to spend an unpopular old age in Bournemouth, and to die as the Prince de Condé died, of suffocation.

Of more than ordinary promise is a first novel called DELAY IN THE SUN by Anthony Thorne (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). It might have been an old and practised hand tackling that most difficult piece of technique, the gathering of an assortment of widely differing characters and marooning them in a remote and imaginary little town in Spain.

Such a method demands not only a sense of character, but the ability to create one—and more than one—to keep them in drawing; to prevent their becoming larger than life in dramatic moments, or slipping into farce when the situation, as it frequently does, becomes humorous; and not only to make credible their reactions to their strange surroundings, but to make the scene real, vivid, alive.

The blinding glare of a Spanish sun in August, the clean-cut, intense shadows are also a key, in a sense, to the author's handling of his characters. They are definite, positive; disdaining the half-lights of psychological analysis. Mr. Thorne likes colour, action, and swift movement in his tale; he prefers to laugh rather than to chuckle.

I have seldom met with a talent with more vigour and with a promise of as good things to come. Mr. Anthony Thorne will be well worth watching.

"In all narration," wrote Robert Louis Stevenson, "there is only one way to be clever, and that is to be exact."

Mr. Knut Hamsun, who won the Nobel prize for literature some years ago, is—in that respect at least—a disciple of Stevenson. This exactness and a direct easy style in writing have always been the chief attractions to me in Mr. Hamsun's books. His tendency to a minute cataloguing of events has never, for one reader, had the same charm.

Far from being constructive, I find that that kind of over-description only acts as a drag on an otherwise vigorously-moving story.

THE ROAD LEADS ON (Rich and Cowan. 10s.) suffers a good deal from this defect, and has many passages where wordiness takes the place of consecutive thought or action. In spite of that it is an exceptional book—a saga of Scandinavian life with, surprisingly enough, chuckles instead of Nordic gloom, and a vein of robust humour that is rare enough in most literature of the land.

GENTIANS AT SHUGDEN GOMPA: A picture taken by Mr. F. Kingdon Ward during his recent expedition, for the purposes of botanical and geographical exploration, to the uncharted country which lies at the eastern extremity of the Himalayas. He has now published his experiences in a book entitled *A Plant Hunter in Tibet*, and in it he describes his discovery of a number of unknown flowers and of a 22,000 ft. peak

Rare specimens of rhododendrons and gentians, and primulas and blue Tibetan poppies are all flowers for which gardeners are indebted to Mr. Kingdon Ward, and from his latest journey in Asia he has brought back more than a hundred new plants for our English gardens.

A PLANT HUNTER IN TIBET (Jonathan Cape. 12s. 6d.), is an account of this recent journey and of the adventures that led to the discovery of red cherry trees 80 ft. high, of a rose primula that was elusive for two months, and was finally found by a young lama in a spot in which Mr. Kingdon Ward had thought it could not possibly grow, and, quite incidentally of a range of mountains more than 22,000 ft. high, and probably an eastern extension of the Himalayas!

It needs no comment of mine to tell you that this book is fascinating. The author's photographs of the wild scenery and the exquisite small flowers are worth studying alone.

Lieut.-Colonel McTaggart, D.S.O., has written a charming and exceedingly useful book on HORSEMANSHIP FOR BOYS AND GIRLS (Methuen. 7/6). The advice he gives is of the really helpful kind and so simply expressed that it should be invaluable for parents or grooms who are teaching children to ride.

In riding, as in everything else, a person of accomplishment is not always an efficient teacher, but the author of this little book seems to have combined both successfully. This sentence from the foreword struck me as particularly sensible and thoughtful.

"Have all the fun you can with your pony, but see that he has some fun too."

As a rule the hotch-potch of boosts and blurbs, in unimaginative make-up, that is the average publisher's "list," seems to have been born for the waste-paper basket. Therefore I am delighted to call the attention of my readers to the spring list of Messrs. Ivor Nicholson and Watson.

This firm is already making a name for itself for the charm and distinction of its production (their books stand out in pleasing contrast in any collection), and now they have produced a catalogue which is not only *readable* but attractively presented in a way that deserves both comment and commendation.

On page 142 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, autobiography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past few weeks.

THE SEEKER: Looking for rare editions at a second-hand bookstall in the Campo dé Fiori, Rome's Caledonian market. It occupies a site in the heart of the city where heretics and criminals were at one time put to death

THE OLD ROME THAT IS PASSING

THE OCTAVIA GATE, which was built by the Emperor Augustus, and later used as one of the main entrances to the Jewish quarter. Signor Mussolini has given orders for it to be re-conditioned and for the ghetto behind it to be demolished. Nearby is the Church of Sant' Angelo in Pescheria, where from 1584 down to the middle of the nineteenth century the Jews were compelled to attend Christian sermons on their Sabbath

A ROYAL DRIVER: The Duke and Duchess of Kent seen after arriving at Croydon by air from Paris when returning from their recent visit to the Countess Toerring in Munich. H.R.H. handles his powerful Bentley sports car with the ease born of long experience

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

At the Olympia Motor Show the year before last, which is approximately fifteen months ago, the Austin Motor Company introduced to the public the Hayes transmission. Beyond the fact that it was mentioned at that time very little has been heard of it since. The Austin Motor Company do a business second to none in the motor trade, and they advertise freely, yet for some unknown reason they appear to have kept this transmission system to themselves, though it now looks as if they were on the point of letting the public know something about this very interesting development. The Hayes transmission is virtually an automatic gear-box, giving an infinitely variable gear ratio within certain predetermined limits. The non-technical public, however, will not understand that, and probably some perhaps have not the faintest idea what a transmission system does in a motor car. I must confess that by reading in the Press I was unable to obtain much enlightenment, although a gear-box giving variable gear ratios has always intrigued me. In the days of my youth when I was serving my time I remember being detailed by the works manager to assist in building up an experimental gear-box, the design of which theoretically gave infinitely variable gear ratios. It was worked on the pneumatic principle, but I am afraid that the inventor spent a lot of money, and nothing very practical resulted.

Later on, the first motor car that I ever owned myself was known as a Sabella, and this weird machine rejoiced in a final drive by V-belts. The gear ratio between the countershaft and the back axle was varied by the employment of pulleys each end, and the flanges of these pulleys could be brought closer together or farther apart, thus altering the gear ratio. As I said, the machine rejoiced in this transmission, but I am afraid I did not, for when the flanges were separated to their limit, thus reducing the gear ratios for hills, the belts always slipped. After a year's experience with this car, or perhaps I should call it a cyclecar, I had two other machines having belt-drive. They were certainly more satisfactory than the first, but in wet weather slipping belts always made progress up a gradient somewhat uncertain. Friction drive, therefore, never appealed to me in the way that it did to the owners of the once-famous G.W.K. car, the gear-box of which was composed of two large diameter discs at right-angles to each other, one of them being faced with a special non-slipping material. The gear ratio in this type of gear-box was determined by the position of the one disc relative to the other, one being capable of sliding on a shaft across the face of the other. I was told by people who owned these cars that slip was seldom experienced.

I will not attempt to explain in a technical manner the working of the Hayes transmission, but suffice it to say that there are no pinions or toothed-gear wheels such as are familiar in the orthodox gear-box. In actual fact it is a friction type of transmission. However, before I proceed to recount my experiences with a car thus fitted, I would like to make it quite clear that during the four days I had the vehicle for test purposes, there was not the slightest sign of slip at any time. Considering that, in view of my experience, I have always been definitely prejudiced against friction transmission, my readers will appreciate that the statement I have made regarding the Hayes is an honest one.

My own candid opinion is, that in the Hayes automatic gear-box the Austin Motor Company have something which contributes more to the advancement of motoring than any other development which has been produced in the last five years.

The car which I tested was a 16-h.p. Austin Saloon. Sitting behind the steering wheel the driver finds that he has in front of him clutch, brake, and accelerator pedals all of which function in the orthodox manner. On his left there is a small gear-lever, also placed in the orthodox position. This lever when pushed forward gives the forward gear and when pulled back puts the car into reverse. When starting off the clutch is depressed in the usual manner and the gear lever moved forward. The clutch is let in in the same way as on an ordinary car and the vehicle moves forward, the accelerator pedal being utilised in the ordinary manner. Thereafter the driver has nothing whatever to do but to watch his speedometer, and even if he keeps the engine speed constant it will be found that the speedometer needle clearly indicates that speed is increasing at a rapid rate. Should it be necessary to slow down for a corner, or should a gradient have to be surmounted, nothing whatever has to be done but to control the throttle, the gear-box altering the gear ratio automatically as these various conditions are encountered.

A CAR OF QUALITY: The new 17-h.p. Armstrong Siddeley Sports Saloon fitted with the self-changing gear. The large windscreen affords the driver excellent vision

That all sounds very simple, and in actual practice it is simple. However, the driver has additional control which allows him to increase the number of engine revolutions in relation to whatever particular gear ratio the automatic mechanism is providing. For instance, if a restart has to be made on a gradient, the small lever in the centre of the steering wheel is moved down through a few notches and this allows the car to make a really quick getaway. This lever can also be used to advantage when it is desired to increase acceleration when overtaking a vehicle.

There is a second lever in the centre of the steering wheel, but this need only be touched and worked when starting out from cold in the morning, certainly no more frequently than one uses the choke on the carburetter.

In addition to the advantage of never having to change gear the Hayes transmission confers many other benefits, for instance, whether starting away from rest or going flat out along the road the transmission and gear-box are dead quiet. When coasting, a tremendously high gear ratio is automatically provided, and this gives the effect of a free wheel, but it has the advantage that the transmission is still solid and the engine is all the time directly connected with the road wheels. The moment the driver puts his foot on the accelerator pedal and revs up the engine the gear-box immediately provides the suitable gear ratio.

Should it be desired to use the engine as a brake, as when descending steep hills, there is no anxiety as to whether it is advisable to get into low gear at the top of the hill in case the operation should be difficult later on, as is the case of an orthodox car, for on this Austin the descent can be made in the ordinary way, and should the brakes appear to be losing their efficiency or the car show any signs of getting out of control, the driver has only to pull the two levers on his steering wheel towards him, and immediately the full force of the engine working through the lowest gear ratio possible is provided. It is all the more gratifying to be able to do this without noise or fuss.

With the Hayes transmission the car becomes not only easier to drive, more silent and more controllable, but it is also more economical on petrol and has greater acceleration than if an ordinary gear-box were fitted.

At first the control of the car seems somewhat strange, so I suggest that anyone who is interested enough to try this transmission should endeavour to reserve judgment until he has driven the car for at least a couple of hundred miles. After that I think he will agree with me that the Austin Motor Company has really brought automobile design a step forward, and has brought us nearer the time when we shall have just one pedal control. I only wish that they would let the world know more about it, for I feel certain that it would make motoring even more popular than it is to-day.

The introduction of a new tyre by such a world-famous firm as the Dunlop Rubber Company Limited is an event of world importance. The new tyre is to be known as the "90," and its makers claim, and from what we know of Dunlops it is fairly certain that their claim is justified, the tyre will not skid, as it has sharp edges which bite through any road grease into the surface of the road beneath. The Company have been experimenting for a long time with this tyre and it is only now—when they are satisfied that it is practically perfect—that they have placed it on the market. No tyre company in the world is so well placed, either for producing tyres or for carrying out experiments or tests before introducing what I might term a new model. For instance, the first "90" was produced at a miniature manufacturing plant attached to the laboratories at Fort Dunlop and the finished tyre was put through a series of severe tests, including a reproduction of rough road conditions staged on a rotary testing machine, and the dropping upon it from heights up to 20 ft. of a knife edge weighted up to 2,850 lbs. The new tyre came through these tests with the utmost success and it has shown that it can remain non-skid until the tread is worn smooth. It will not supersede the well-known triple-stud tyre but is offered as an alternative, and it is purchasable by the public from now onwards in both Fort and Standard qualities.

A USEFUL INNOVATION: A new type of traffic roundabout on the northern by-pass round Oxford. It has no railings and is banked up in the centre, thus cutting out the glare of headlamps from approaching cars

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Miss Gertrude Lawrence, in the latest Molyneux informal evening gown, at supper with Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., at Grosvenor House

ESCAPE FROM WINTER

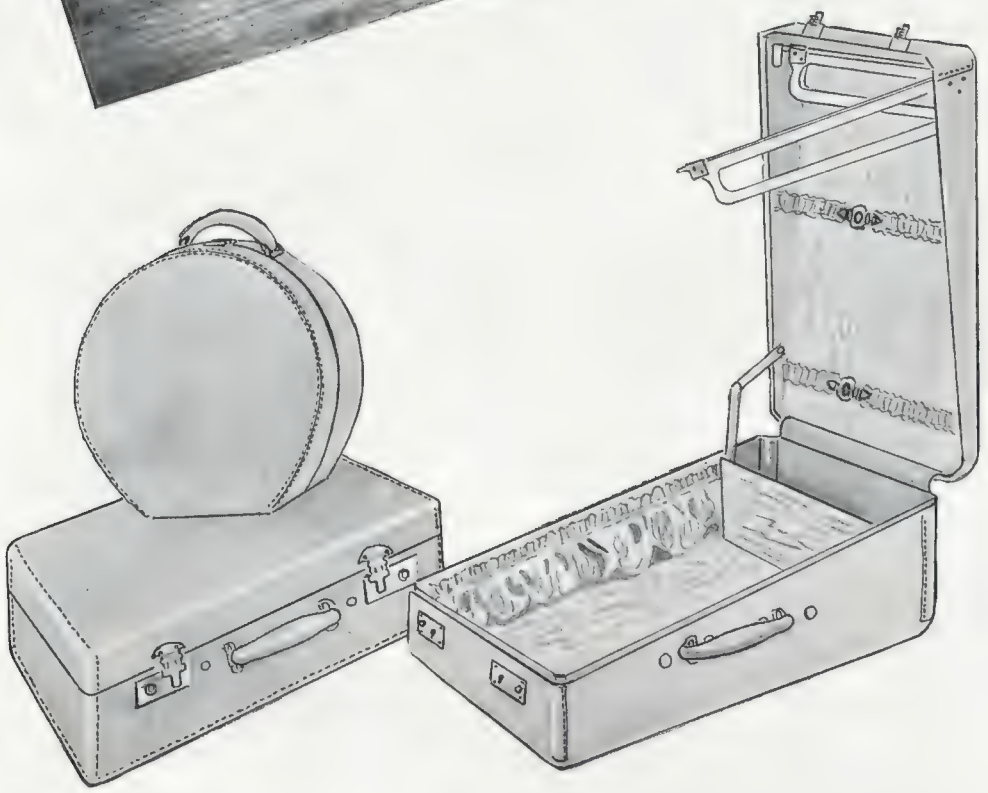
To leave behind the bleak greyness of an English winter and to escape into the sun — who would not if they could?

Those fortunate ones who are busily planning a cruise will need to pack several gay swim- and sun-suits. Here, at least, there is no excuse for monotony, for they take up very little space, and they are amazingly versatile.

On the left is sketched a very effective Canadian design one-piece suit. Vividly striped, it has narrow shoulder straps and a low back, and it costs 39s. 6d. at Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W.

Gingham checks and plaids are new and are proving very popular, with shorts and detached handkerchief tops leading the way for sun-bathing.

Photographed above is a perfect suit for wearing on board and for shore excursions. Made in natural-coloured cruising tweed, it has a skirt with two pleats at the back and front, and a cardigan coat with a striped yoke and rows of decorative stitching. Very well cut and tailored, it is amazingly priced at £3 10s. in the Coat and Ensemble Department at Marshall and Snelgrove of Oxford Street, London, W. It is also made in neutral and pastel shades, and there is a companion suit that is slightly different in design, and is made in Yorkshire tweed.



Having economized so brilliantly thus far, one's thoughts turn to luggage, which, from the point of view of appearances, is almost more important than any other accessory, and which can do more than anything else to add to or detract from one's comfort.

Sketched on the left is a very distinguished set from Debenham and Freebody. The Pulman case, which is shewn open, is made in superior rawhide that simply will not wear out, and is extremely chic. Lined with moiré, it is fitted with a hanging system, and it has a movable partition, which can cut the length of the case to leave room for hanging frocks or can leave the whole case free for full-length packing. It is very light, and has been specially designed for air travel.

The matching blouse case would be a most useful travelling companion, and the hat box is fitted with moiré pockets. One great advantage, common to them all, is that they are fitted with lever locks and all the metal parts are chromium-plated — which means that they remain bright, even in the most trying circumstances.

The Arab Legion

Men who Police the Desert

When a novelist decides to weave romances round the Arab Legion he should make a small fortune. For even the famous and more well-known French Foreign Legion is not so romantic and picturesque as this brave little desert force. Indeed, it possesses all the elements of fiction and not fact.

It is called the Arab Legion and patrols the dreary, sinister desert of Trans-Jordan, but since its inception the region has lost many of its terrors. Some still remain and it is the ambition of the Arab Legion to wipe out every danger that lurks in the desert. And, judging by their progress, this ambition should soon be realized. Even now they have reduced to an unbelievable minimum the shooting, raiding, and blood feuds of the Bedouins—those nomadic tribes who haunt this region. They also help the adventurous traveller across the desert by the aid of a series of police posts where one can obtain refreshments and a night's sleeping quarters if desired.

Out there they declare this force was inspired and raised by a "miracle man," and this Arabic exaggeration is quite justified. For "Peake Pasha" has accomplished many things which border on the miraculous. He is a blue-eyed man in the early forties and was born near Melton Mowbray. He raised this unique force in 1923, and it has grown from strength to strength in honour and glory—and all credit is given unstintingly to "Peake Pasha." All sorts of amazing stories are circulated about him, but none belittle him. He is respected and honoured by the whole desert, while his Arab Legion—now a thousand strong—strive and succeed in emulating the high personal standard he has set them.

The efficiency of the Arab Legion is remarkable. The smartness of their uniforms in the drab desert always takes travellers by surprise, and their diplomacy and courtesy have become a by-word in these treacherous parts. Their general intelligence too, is extremely high. In fact, every member seems to be endowed with mental alertness, physical strength above the average, and supreme courage.

Their very appearance breeds confidence in visitors and fear to the law-breaker. They make a fine picture when they are mounted on their camels, which are far superior to any other kind of transport for themselves and the small baggage they carry. It is well known that the Arabs are susceptible to all colours, especially reds and greens, and the gaudier these are the better they are liked. The saddles of their "ships of the desert" are wool-embroidered in gay colours, and are often tasselled and ornately decorated by Arab craftsmen in the bazaars. In both fighting ability and martial discipline the Legion is a force to be reckoned with, and this is well known to outlaws in the remote villages under their jurisdiction.

The prestige of the Arab Legion in Trans-Jordan is phenomenal. To have a son as a member of it is the highest form of parental pride known to the Arab. Only the very best men are picked, and the entrance tests are hard and stiff. The majority, too, understand English, and quite a number of them speak the language fluently. This is due to the wise action of the authorities in including the English language in the promotion examinations that are set at different parts of the year.

AT THE WELL OF THE MAJI: Members of the Arab Legion watering their camels on the Jerusalem—Bethlehem road

ROUND THE CAMP FIRE: A flashlight picture of legionaries at a frontier post near Akaba, on the borders of King Ibn Saud's territory

A BOOK LIST

METHUEN.—THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII. Directed by Alexander Korda. Story and dialogue by Lajos Biro and Arthur Wimperis. Produced by London Film Productions, Ltd. Edited, with an Introduction, by Ernest Betts. 3s. 6d. net. THE WAYSIDE BOOK. Written and Illustrated by Gilbert Rumbold. 7s. 6d. net. STORM IN SHANGHAI (La Condition Humaine). By André Malraux. Translated from the French by Alastair Macdonald. 7s. 6d. net. SKI-ING EXERCISES. By Margaret Morris and Hans Falkner. With Drawings and Diagrams by Margaret Morris, and plates. Compiled and edited by Mrs. Clifford Norton. 5s. net. IVOR NICHOLSON & WATSON.—BIRDS IN BRITAIN TO-DAY. By Geoffrey C. S. Ingram and H. Morrey Salomon. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. HURST AND BLACKETT.—GERMANY'S HITLER. By Heinz A. Heinz. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. FREDERICK MULLER LTD.—WREN'S CRAFTSMEN AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. Illustrated by Wood Engravings and with Descriptive Notes by Maurice Foxell. 1s. net. ALEXANDER MORING, LTD.—THE LITTLE MAN IN THE BOX. By Dora M. Williams. Pictures by J. Gale Thomas. 3s. 6d. net. J. WHITAKER & SONS LTD.—WHITAKER'S ALMANACK, 1935. Cloth cover. 6s. net. BORISWOOD.—THREE PLAYS. By Helge Krog. (Happily Ever After? Triad, The Copy). Translated from the Norwegian by Roy Campbell. 7s. 6d. net. HUTCHINSON.—AVIATION MEMOIRS INCLUDING AUSTRALIA AND BACK, AND OTHER RECORD FLIGHTS. By Owen Cathcart-Jones. Introduction by the Rt. Hon. Sir Philip Sassoon. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD.—THERE WAS A MOON. By Hugh E. Wright. Pictures by Nicholas Bentley. 7s. 6d. net. THE YEAR'S POETRY. Compiled by Denys Kilham Roberts, Gerald Gould, and John Lehmann. 6s. net. HEIL! A Picture Book Compiled from Authentic Material. 7s. 6d. net. HALTON & COMPANY.—NELSON AND THE HAMILTONS. A Romantic Play by Douglas Mann. 3s. 6d. net. CARTERS TESTED SEEDS LTD.—THE BLUE BOOK OF GARDENING CATALOGUE, 1935. 1s. net. KELLY'S DIRECTORIES LTD.—KELLY'S HANDOOOK TO THE TITLED, LANDED, AND OFFICIAL CLASSES, 1935. £2 net.

The Pendulum Ball

The Pendulum Ball, of which the Duchess of York is Patron and which is arranged for the purpose of endowing the Princess Margaret Rose Cot at St. Mary's Hospital, is being held at Claridges' this evening (January 26). Many leading film stars will be present, there will be a cabaret compèred by Gordon Harker, and Charles Kunz and the Casani Club Orchestra have been engaged to play from nine to three. Tickets are obtainable at all theatre ticket agencies and cost 25s. each, inclusive of supper and buffet.

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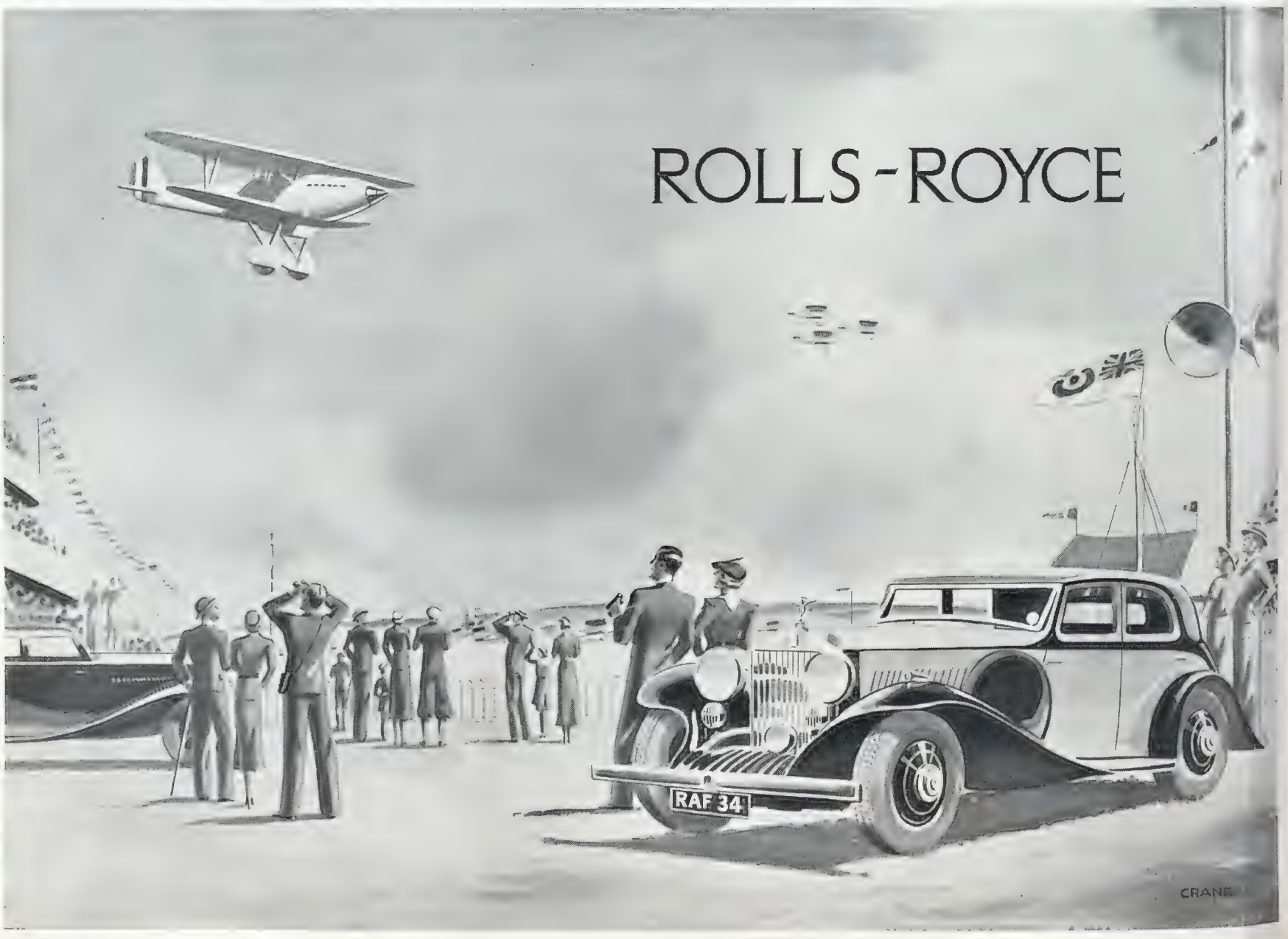

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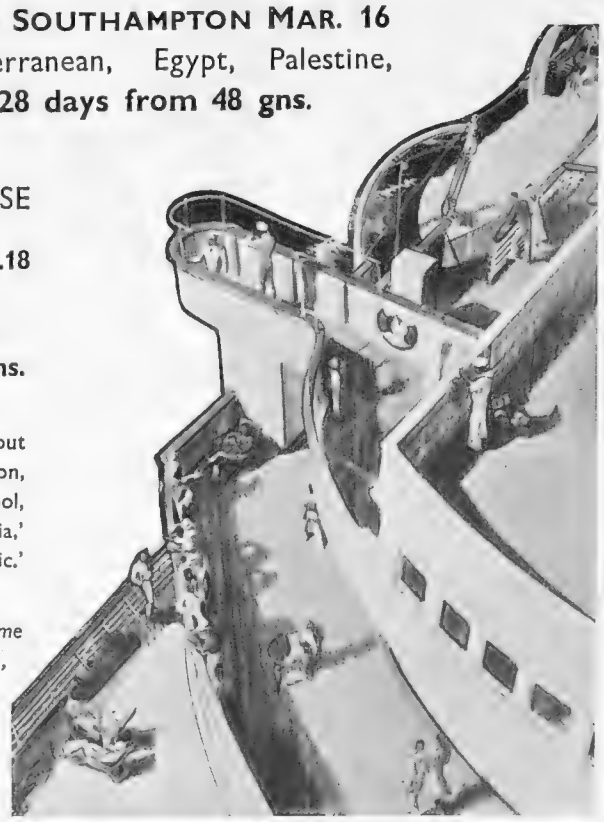

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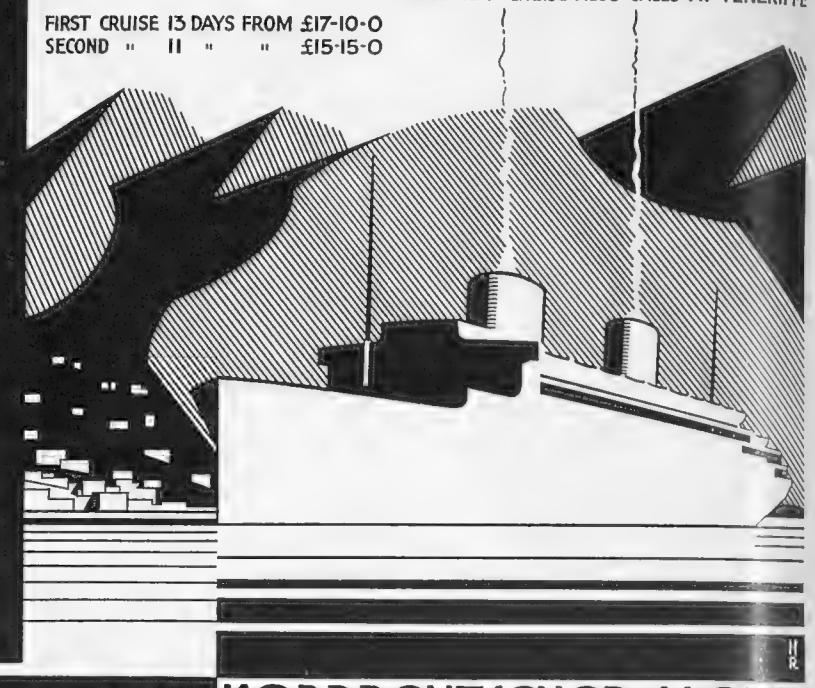

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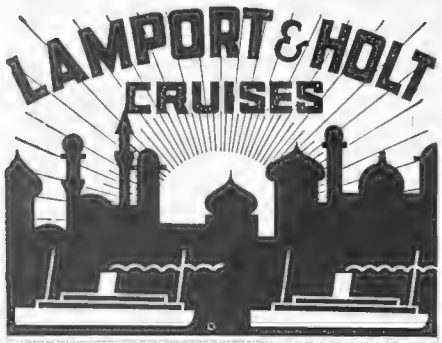

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CRUISING into SUNSHINE

Some Popular Ports of Call

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE: A fine view of the Acropolis, Athens, which those taking forthcoming Canadian Pacific cruises in the Eastern Mediterranean will have the opportunity of visiting

At this time of the year, when winter is very much in evidence among us, with cold winds and little sunshine, whilst there is ever present the fear of fog, it is comforting to think of cruising into waters where the sun shines brilliantly almost the whole day through, and to places with a winter climate so genial that outdoor sport of all kinds is possible, and sight-seeing is a source of exceeding pleasure.

One is able to do so with ease, for most of the well-known steamship lines announce cruises during the next few months to the sunny waters of the Atlantic which border the north-west African coast and encircle the pleasant isles of the Canaries and Madeira, and to the Mediterranean. For a sum that is surprisingly small you can sail away for a fortnight or longer to lands that you have longed to visit and, whilst revelling in a climate which reminds you of a perfect day during mid-Spring in this country, you can see strange and profoundly interesting sights, a score of unfamiliar races, and a range of scenery astonishing in its variety, and all the time you are enjoying the amenities of a first-class hotel.

Often one of the first ports of call when leaving England, after a bracing run down Channel which blows away all the "cobwebs" and acts as a splendid tonic, Lisbon, Portugal's historic old capital, thrills one with its beauty, rising in tier after tier of houses of dazzling white, here and there embowered in green, from the Tagus bank, and stirs one with the many evidences of its glorious past in which Vasco da Gama played so great a part, while its wealth of architectural wonder and its handsome squares and boulevards add to its enchantment. The Rock of Gibraltar commands admiration, with its magnificent size and situation. There is no finer symbol of Britain's naval might, and the first sight of this redoubtable fortress guarding the entrance to the Mediterranean cannot fail to rouse a Briton's pride. Ashore, the contrast between gardens gay with vegetation of sub-tropical luxuriance and massive ramparts of rock and stone is appealing, and the cosmopolitan crowds in the narrow, winding streets—for here Europe and Africa meet—afford constant interest.

Malaga, with its setting of distant mountains and its wide fertile plain, where fruits of the tropics mingle with those of European lands, is delightful, and it is the gateway to Granada and its peerless treasure of Moorish art—the Alhambra. In Barcelona, the most important commercial city and seaport in Spain, are some of the finest buildings of modern times, and splendid thoroughfares, whilst nestling amongst them is a picturesque old quarter which harks back to the days when the port vied for power with Genoa and with Venice. From the heights of Tibidabo you gain a magnificent view of the city and look across the sea to the beautiful Balearic Isles, where Palma, Majorca's capital, on its wide bay, stands invitingly—to welcome one to Mallorcan charms, its fine cathedral boldly outlined against the hilly background. Palma has quaint old buildings and rambling streets, and it is the centre for excursions to lovely Soller, to Miramar, and many another beauty spot.

THE PRIDE OF THE BLUE STAR FLEET: The *Arandora Star* in the Bay of Naples

AT ANCHOR OFF CAPRI: The luxurious Lamport and Holt liner *Voltaire*

Villefranche, lying against hills that rise almost straight up from the sea, a picturesque old place with a noble harbour, is admirably situated as a port for either Nice or Monte Carlo, those gems of the Riviera, where life is always very gay, winter or summer. Across the Tyrrhenian Sea lies Naples, its classic beauty seen to perfection as the steamer approaches the shore between the lovely guardian isles of Ischia on the one side and Capri on the other. Fortresses hoary with age and masterpieces of art and architecture await the visitor ashore, and nearby are Vesuvius, Pompeii, and Herculaneum, and the marvellous coastal scenery of Sorrento and Amalfi. Messina, midway down the Straits of that name, affords glorious views from the high ground about it, northwards to Stromboli, and across the Straits to Reggio in Calabria, whilst a splendid coastal motor run is to Taormina the beautiful, with its enchanting glimpse of distant Etna.

SERVICE: The glass that cheers after a strenuous game of deck tennis aboard a C.P.R. cruising liner

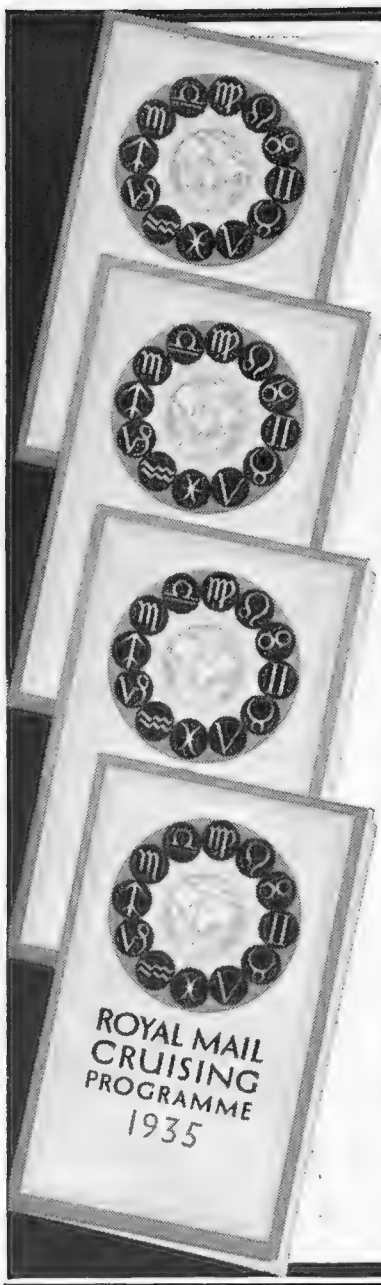
A LOVELY ADRIATIC INLET: Cattaro, Dalmatia, which is frequently visited by Orient Line boats

Malta strikes a different note with its medieval battlements of Valetta, a perfect specimen of a fortified port of bygone days, and with magnificent palaces of the period when the island was under the rule of the Knights of St. John, whilst Athens reveals wonders of art wrought centuries B.C. which hold one spellbound to-day.

Istanbul leads us into another world—where St. Sophia, once the glorious cathedral of Eastern Christendom, but a mosque since the days when Sultan Muhammad II stormed and captured Constantinople and the last Byzantine Emperor met his heroic death, bears witness to the triumph of Islam, in Europe, and many other stately mosques in other parts of the city accentuate its Moslem aspect, though business progress tends to modify the general Oriental appearance. Many treasures of the past remain in Istanbul, and it has that priceless asset—the beautiful harbour of the Golden Horn. Haifa and Jaffa both are ports of Palestine—the Holy Land, the former at the foot of Mount Carmel, on the Bay of Acre, and giving an opportunity of visiting the historic old town of Acre, bone of contention between ancient Egypt and Babylonia, taken by Cœur de Lion and defended successfully against Napoleon by Sir Sidney Smith; the latter lower down the coast and nearer to Jerusalem and known in olden days as Joppa, once mentioned in the Letters of Tel-el-Amarna, besieged by Sennacherib, and razed to the ground by Saladin after it had been for long a Crusaders' stronghold.

Port Said and Alexandria lead to Cairo, its wonderful mosques, and Citadel, and the mysterious Pyramids, on the great desert's edge. The entrance to the famous Suez Canal gave Port Said its being and remains its chief attraction, whilst Alexandria, as its name betokens, has memories of Alexander the Great, of Julius Caesar, and of Antony and Cleopatra, and Pompey's pillar stands there yet! Tripoli, capital of Tripolitania, or Libya, and the ancient Oea of the Romans, with remains of those times, and of later rulers—the Vandals, Byzantines, Normans, Spaniards, and Arabs, is a very interesting old port, charmingly modernized under the régime of Mussolini; Algiers, farther westwards along North Africa's coast, once the Mediterranean's most dreaded pirate stronghold, vies with European capitals in the modernity of its many handsome buildings though it has an old quarter where one may see Berber life to the full.

Far down the African Atlantic coast lie Dakar, capital and seaport of French West Africa, a regular port of call for many steamship lines, and an important air station on the transatlantic route, a fine, well-built town, with good hotels and restaurants, with a Senegalese "background" that is extremely interesting; and Freetown, capital of the British Colony of Sierra Leone, peopled largely by descendants of freed African slaves, with the best harbour in West Africa, and picturesquely situated on a plain closed in by wooded hills. Away to the north are the Canaries, with their luscious bananas and other tropical fruits, with relics of Nelson's sea-fights against Spain at Santa Cruz, with a charming port of delightful surroundings in Las Palmas, and with Teneriffe, renowned for its lofty peak, seen from far out at sea; and Madeira, island of magnificent scenery, where the luxuriance of the vegetation and the wealth of flower and fern are amazing.



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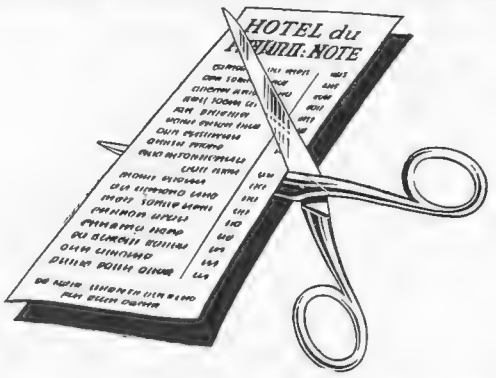

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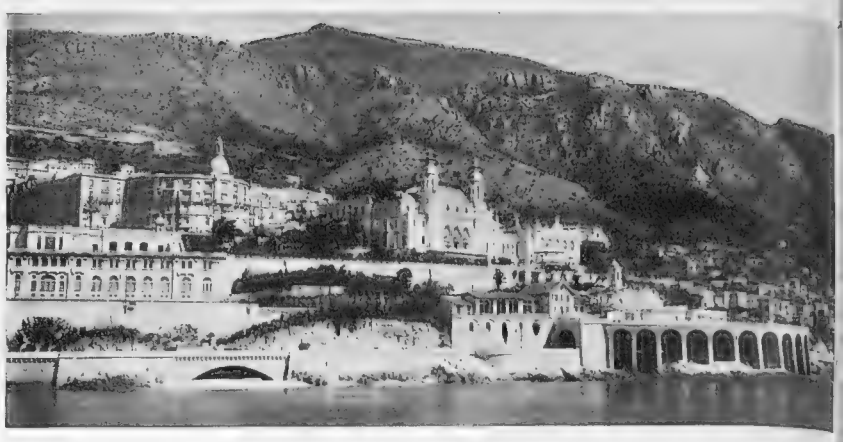


QUEEN OF THE RIVIERA: Monte Carlo, which will be visited by several Cunard White Star liners during the next few months

The commencement of the cruising season reveals a wealth of cruises of great variety, mostly in Mediterranean waters, though some go much farther afield, and the choice is a very wide one.

The Canadian Pacific Line have a good selection of cruises by the Duchess liners. On February 21 the *Duchess of Atholl* (20,000 tons) leaves Liverpool for a cruise of 28 days calling at Gibraltar, Tripoli (Libya), Athens, Istanbul, Haifa, Port Said, Malta, and Algiers. On March 23 the same vessel sails from Liverpool for a 21-day cruise which includes Gibraltar, Naples, Athens, Messina, Barcelona, and Lisbon; and on April 18 the *Duchess of Atholl* leaves Liverpool on a cruise visiting Algiers, Messina, Athens, Tripoli, Naples, and Lisbon, and occupying 20 days. The *Duchess of Richmond* (20,000 tons) sails from Southampton on March 16 for Madeira, St. Vincent (Cape Verde Islands), Freetown (Sierra Leone), Dakar (Senegal), Las Palmas, and Lisbon, returning to Liverpool, a 20-day cruise; and on April 6 the same vessel leaves Liverpool for an 18-day cruise which embraces Corunna, Lisbon, Barcelona, Naples, Malta, and Ceuta.

The Cunard White Star Line open their Mediterranean cruising season with the *Laconia* (20,000 tons), which leaves Liverpool on February 6, on a 35-day cruise, and calling at the following ports: Lisbon, Palma, Malta, Alexandria, Haifa, Larnaca (Cyprus), Rhodes, Istanbul, Athens, Messina, Naples, Monaco, Barcelona, and Gibraltar. On March 8, the *Lancastria* (17,000 tons), sails from Liverpool (Dublin, March 9), for Gibraltar, Malta, Athens, Haifa, Port Said, Bizerta, and Lisbon, returning to Dublin and Liverpool, a 27-day cruise; and the same vessel leaves Liverpool on April 18 on a 9-day Easter cruise to Lisbon and Madeira. The *Homeric* (35,000 tons), leaves Southampton on March 16, on a 28-day cruise to Palma, Monaco, Naples, Athens, Rhodes, Haifa, Port Said, Messina, Monaco, and Gibraltar; and again on April 18 for Monaco, Naples, Palermo, Algiers, and Lisbon, 16 days. The *Doric* (16,500 tons), leaves Liverpool on April 11, on a Mediterranean Scholars' cruise, calling at Gibraltar, Naples, and Malaga, returning to London (Tilbury).

The Royal Mail Line are sending the *Atlantis* from Southampton, on February 15, on a 20-day cruise to Teneriffe, Dakar, Freetown (Sierra Leone), Bathurst (Gambia), and Lisbon; and the same vessel leaves Southampton on March 9 for a 23-day cruise to Lisbon, Naples, Tripoli, Rhodes, Phaleron Bay (for Athens), Malta, and Algiers; and again, on April 6, for Ceuta, Phaleron Bay, Smyrna, Famagusta (Cyprus), Malta, Bizerta, and Lisbon, 23 days. The Royal Mail also issue special return tickets by their regular liners from London and Southampton, on the South American service, to Madeira and the Canary Islands, also to Corunna, Vigo, and Lisbon.

The Lamport and Holt line have the *Voltaire* leaving Southampton on February 16 for Gibraltar, Bizerta, Athens, Rhodes, Haifa, Alexandria, Malta, Naples, Ajaccio (Corsica), and Lisbon, a 33-day cruise; and the same vessel sails from Southampton on March 23 for Gibraltar, Tripoli, Athens, Syracuse (Sicily), Naples, Capri, and Lisbon, 23 days, and again on April 18, for Gibraltar

A STATELY WANDERER: The Royal Mail cruising liner *Atlantis*

Ceuta, Villefranche (for Monte Carlo and Nice), Naples, Capri, and Lisbon, 18 days. The *Vandyck* sails from Liverpool on February 23, for Lisbon, Palma, Villefranche (for Monte Carlo), and Gibraltar, 18 days; on March 16 for Cadiz, Palma, Naples, Cagliari (Sardinia), and Lisbon, 18-days; and again on April 18, for Gibraltar, Barcelona, Rapallo, Civita Vecchia (Rome), and Ceuta, 18 days.

The Norddeutscher Lloyd announce that owing to the cancellation of the cruise of the *Columbus*, on February 8, to Indian and African ports, due to unforeseen circumstances, this vessel will cruise to and from Madeira during the Spring. The first cruise, a 13-day one, leaves Southampton on April 4, and the ports called at will be Lisbon, Gibraltar, Tangier, Santa Cruz (Teneriffe), Madeira, and Villa Garcia, in Northern Spain, for Santiago de Compostela. On the return journey of this cruise the *Columbus* proceeds direct to Bremerhaven, from which port, on April 17, passengers from this country will be conveyed free of charge on the liner *Europa* to Southampton, arriving there next day. There is also a Norddeutscher Lloyd Mediterranean cruise by the *General von Steuben* from Dover, on February 17, to Lisbon, Madeira, Santa Cruz, Las Palmas, Casablanca, Malaga,

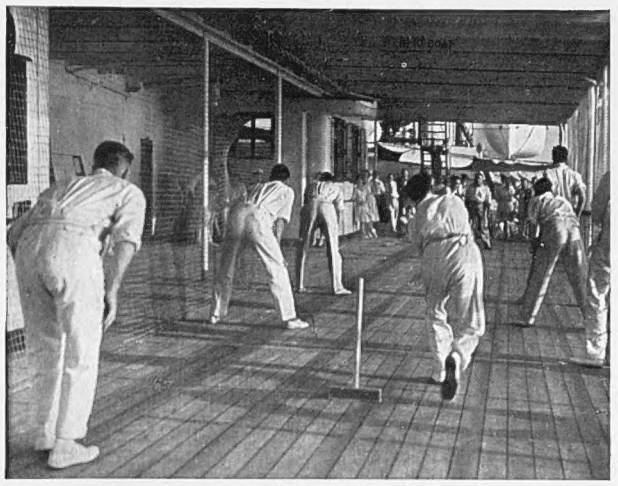
THE WHITE-HULLED "COLUMBUS": The 32,354-ton Norddeutscher Lloyd liner which will cruise to Madeira in the spring

WHERE THE CRUISING LINERS GO

A Guide to the Most Interesting Winter and Spring Sailings

Gibraltar, Messina, Naples, and Genoa, which terminates at the latter port on March 9.

The Orient Line have a cruise by the *Orford* (20,000 tons) on April 18, from London, to the Mediterranean, visiting the following ports: Naples, Athens, Port Said, Alexandria, and Lisbon, 22 days, and this Line offers admirable opportunities for holidays in Mediterranean lands by issuing return tickets available by liners on its regular Australian service to Gibraltar (for the South of Spain), Palma (Balearic Isles), Toulon, for the French and Italian Riviera, and Naples—for Capri and Sorrento, and Malta and Sicily.



A POPULAR SHIPBOARD PASTIME: A game of cricket in progress on a Union Castle boat

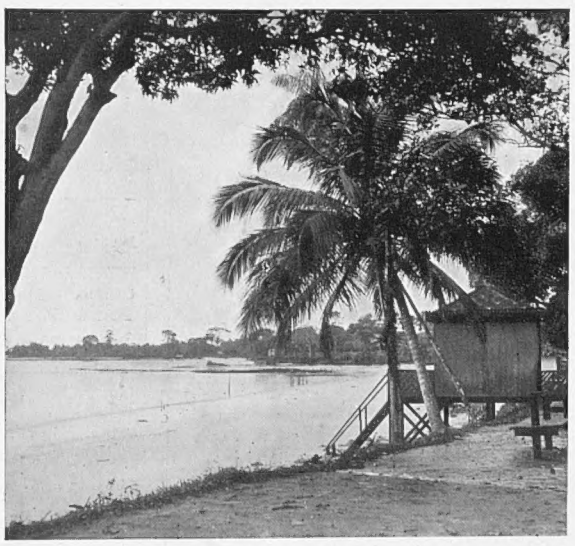
Similarly the Bibby Line make very attractive arrangements for visiting the Riviera, by means of return tickets available on their regular liner service from Liverpool to Egypt, Ceylon, and Burma to Marseilles, and in the same way return tickets to Gibraltar enable visits to be made to Tangier and Tetuan (a free return ticket to Tangier, from Gibraltar, is given), and to Malaga, Seville, Granada, and other places in Southern Spain. Likewise the Union Castle Line, with the vessels on their East African service, which, sailing from London, call at Gibraltar, Palma, Marseilles, and Genoa, en route to Port Said, provide easy means for an enjoyable visit to the Mediterranean. The Union Castle also have special reduced return fares to Madeira and the Canary Islands, by their regular South African liners to the former weekly, and to the latter fortnightly.

There is a lengthy Mediterranean cruise by the 23,600-ton liner, *Gripsholm*, of the Swedish–American Line, leaving Southampton on February 19, for 42 days, visiting Gibraltar, Villefranche, Naples, Bizerta, Malta, Alexandria, Haifa, Cyprus, Rhodes, Istanbul, Athens, Syracuse, Villefranche, Palma, and Malaga; the Blue Star Line have the *Arandora Star* sailing from Southampton on April 17 for Tangier, Palermo, Kotor, Dubrovnik, and Kurkola (Dalmatian coast), Venice, Brioni, Malta, Algiers, Gibraltar, and Arosa Bay (for Santiago); and the P. and O. Line are sending the *Moldavia* (17,000 tons) from London, on April 18, on a 15-day cruise to the Mediterranean, calling at Cadiz, Algiers, Naples, Gibraltar, and Corunna, returning to Southampton.

The Pacific Steam Navigation Company have the *Orbita* (15,495 tons), leaving Liverpool, on March 14, on a long-distance cruise to Spanish, West Indian, and South American ports (Ecuador, Chili, and Peru), via the Panama Canal, returning to Liverpool on May 27, and this line also arranges special round tours to the Bahamas and Bermuda; and also to Bermuda by P.S.N. Company, thence by Furness–Withy Line to New York, and from there to this country by the North Atlantic Line.

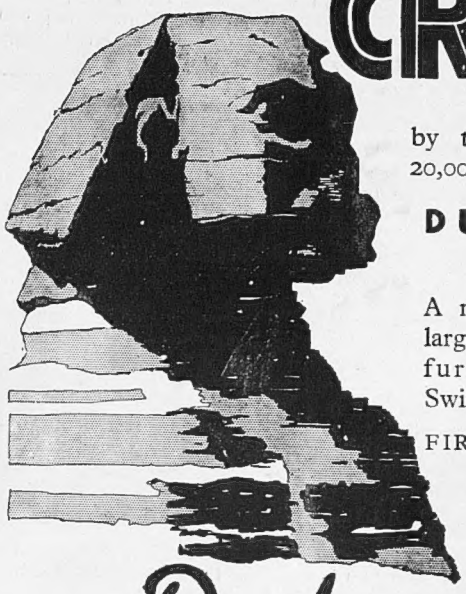
Other long-distance tours are by the P. and O., to Ceylon, by the *Mooltan* on February 8, the *Corfu* on February 15, and the *Strathnaver* on February 22, for which an inclusive ticket is issued which provides for a 10-day tour through Ceylon and allows the homeward journey to be made by the *Moldavia*, leaving Colombo on March 13, the *Chitral* on March 20, or the *Narkunda* on March 27; and by the Booth Line, which has the *Hilary* leaving on April 5 for ports in Portugal, Madeira, and the Amazon. The first call is made at Leixões, for Oporto and its famous wine lodges; then a visit to Lisbon, allowing time for a run to Estoril; and on to Madeira, island of enchanting scenery, and across the Atlantic to the mouth of the mighty Amazon. Calling at Para, the gateway to the great river, you steam onwards for 1,000 miles, entering "The Narrows," winding waterways flanked with great belts of primitive jungle affording most interesting glimpses of Indian riverside settlements, and then pass on a wider stream to Manaós, the "Jungle Capital," a few miles up the Rio Negre. During the stay here of four or five days excursions are arranged in small boats, affording an opportunity of seeing the marvellous *flora* of the Amazonian jungle and the beautiful Taruma Falls, and seven weeks after leaving the Mersey you are back again on Liverpool's waterfront.

Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son act as agents for all steamship lines and can supply information of all kinds in connection with tours and cruises, and their lengthy experience enables them to save the intending traveller a great deal of time and trouble. Moreover, in the various ports of call, a representative of the firm is almost certain to be found, whose advice and assistance are at the disposal of Messrs. Cook's clients.



ON THE AMAZON: Picturesque scenery near the mouth of the great river—a view recorded during a recent Booth Line cruise

EGYPTIAN CRUISE



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ICARUS BY THE SEINE

(Continued from p. 120)

cars on the road were his and still are. Yearly production—75,000 cars, of which 14,000 were exported to (i) Belgium, (ii) Holland, (iii) Spain (other leading countries having their own Citroën plant).

With 600,000 of his cars on the roads, Citroën's word was law in all things—financing, designing, manufacturing, assembling, payroll—and his 25,000 workers, of whom to-day but 3,000 remain, were only too happy under the liberal regime of social benefits and high wages that the *patron* meted out. For instance, wonderful refectories and wonderful food, far the cheapest in Paris, and an orchestra playing I once lunched there. Citroën believed in utter lavishness combined with the most aggressive sales methods. In 1931, he had the audacity to broadcast that Americans were too soft, did not know how to fight depression, and should develop more aggressive salesmanship! Citroën took the most expensive sites everywhere for his showrooms (witness Devonshire House); he fashioned a new-style salesman of Savile Row-cum-super-gigolo turn-out; he spent extravagantly in the direction of the Press, and not only in open advertising, which was colossal in itself; he floodlit Paris and illuminated the height of the Eiffel Tower with the firm's inverted blue V sign; he smoke-wrote the heavens and abundantly decorated the earth, along endless routes nationales. He sent two caterpillar expeditions across the Sahara, one right through Africa in all directions, and a fourth across unknown Asia to China where the heroic pioneer, Haardt, was to die. This last advertising expedition alone cost £330,000. So that you may imagine how much Citroën expended year in and year out just on "propaganda." The Citroën Palace at Brussels Exhibition, five years ago, cost £400,000. The Eiffel Tower stunt, £130 nightly.

How could such expenditure be justified in a rapidly contracting market? Citroën chose to pay no heed to failing finances in other countries. Unlike other French firms, which immediately introduced policies of retrenchment, Citroën, as if bitten by something akin to Foch's infuriate *attaquez, attaquez toujours!* jibed at more prudent competitors and slashed ahead himself. Yet even Ford, as we know, got to saturation point with a nation of 120,000,000. How could Citroën ever hope to go on indefinitely producing for a country of only 40,000,000, since his exports very soon dwindled to nothing on account of the dear gold franc.

Plainly put, Citroën suffers from *la folie de la bigness*. Sometimes those who see biggest and widest are the most shortsighted of all. This spate of car production simply could not endure. You and I could have told André Citroën that, and for the most obvious reasons, that I am not going to waste valued space over setting down here. The capital point that has been raised now is this: How far shall the private producer be allowed to control great undertakings such as Citroën's? Fifteen-thousand French families suddenly up against it. Seventy-five thousand families estimated affected. And three months must go by before they may draw any dole. About 3,000 women are out, including 400 typist-secretaries. The whole business is on a tragically vast scale. Financial and engineering experts are at present in permanent committee of enquiry but a definite announcement of new policy may not come for some months, so involved are the affairs of this over-capitalized, over-machined, over-staffed concern whose wheels had to keep revolving at speed, or Nemesis.

None the less, those who go the limit in assailing Citroën are on the wrong tack—a good many of them, moreover, are people who were only too obsequious in lapping up "propaganda" money in the past. The general allegations are not dissimilar to those made in latter-day huge collapses in England, "treated" balance sheets in order to carry on the show and so not lose all for investors. Citroën was caught in the vortex promoted by his own positive mania, and had to hand out ever greater hostages to fortune; it may even be that M. Flandin had him in mind in recently referring to his intention to tackle greed. André Citroën greeded for all the roads in France (if there isn't such a verb, there should be). The whole story holds a morale for ourselves, namely, that we may not be so unlucky, after all, with our allegedly mid-Victorian, unbrilliantized, un-Americanized industrial plant. One can overdo these things at this stage. France, which only became an industrial nation after the War, when she went in off the deep end, is learning bitterly that it isn't as easy as that.

But surely there should be balanced against this that André Citroën proved himself one of the world's greatest creative geniuses for *giving work*. Just that. If he is now to suffer supersession, as seems likely, it is primarily because of that gambler's brain of his. For example, he gambled on the State's coming to his assistance, as it did in the cases of the Aeropostale and Transatlantique difficulties. Never would the State allow such a firm as Citroën's, so vital to the national defence, to close down. Well, the State won't allow that, as it happens. Somehow, Citroën's is going to be refloated, so that it shall carry on, if on a greatly-reduced scale. But the authoritative present Premier, M. Flandin, has absolutely refused to make the taxpayers pay, as they had to do in the two above-cited cases. No more limitless State subsidies in France for stricken enterprises.

It is possible that other French motor firms are wire-pulling against Citroën, as it is possible that high finance and creditors are being pretty grim. Yet the patience of the latter had become exhausted. *Le patron* would listen to nought. Every day he borrowed, borrowed, and every night he lit the Eiffel Tower at £130 a whack.

As *envoi* to André Citroën: is it not Fate's cruellest performance that the production of his greatest car, last year's revolutionary "Seven," should have coincided with his country's economic nadir? Trusting in his star, Citroën fought almost insurmountable financial difficulties in order to produce that wonder work. The public would surge to it! He would be rehabilitated! Why, the world hadn't even *begun* to motor yet! (How often has he said this!)

Well, the "Seven" is there, glistening unsold from end to end of the country. I saw what must have been several square kilometres of them at Javel this morning, beautiful models, with all the later-than-the-latest aboard. The pleasure they could give . . .

THE GIRAFFE-NECKED WOMEN OF UPPER BURMA who have been creating such a sensation at the Bertram Mills Circus and Fun Fair, Olympia, being inspected by members of the British Medical Association at a meeting held last week at the Princess Beatrice Hospital, Earl's Court. In an article in "The Sphere" of January 5, reference was made to an X-ray photograph of one of the women taken in America. It revealed that four of the vertebræ, normally belonging to the thorax, had been drawn up into the neck, and that the thorax itself had become distorted, causing the upper part of the lungs to collapse

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THE lives and loves of the great have probably kept more pens busy than any other subject since the dawn of history. But how pitifully few of these records end in anything resembling the normal ideal of happiness!

When, therefore, the historian comes across a story like that of Maria Gonzaga, Duchess of Monferrato, in the early seventeenth century, he is conscious of a sense of almost triumphant relief. For here is a tale to delight all hearts, in the best and fullest romantic tradition.

"The noble house of Gonzaga," says an old Italian writer, "forgetful of its ancient valour and wisdom, had given itself up to luxury and intemperance. Three brothers had successively filled the ducal chair of Mantua, and each had distinguished himself, not by restoring any vigour to a decaying line, but by introducing new modes and forms of vice."

A severe enough indictment, but well merited.

In those turbulent times, Italy was composed of a number of petty states, each with its ruling family. Frequently the castles of these feudal dukes and princes became the courts of despots wherein there could be no right of appeal against arrogance and tyranny of the worst order. One such despot was Francesco, eldest of the three brothers referred to. With his accession to the duchies of Mantua and Monferrato began the decline of the house of Gonzaga. Francesco proved a vicious scoundrel whose sole aim was the gratification of his desires by means of the vast wealth at his disposal. His wretched wife, after many years of ill-treatment, finally died in giving birth to their daughter, Maria. Very shortly after Francesco himself was dead, and the way lay clear for his brother Ferdinando to assume the titles. This he did with typical unscrupulousness, styling himself Duke of Mantua and Monferrato, in spite of the fact that the Duchy of Monferrato should now belong, in her own right, to the infant Maria. This situation, being likely to give rise to the most annoying complications, he took immediate steps to deal with it. . .

* * *

When she had composed herself a little, Maria went out into the garden to await the carriage which was to take her to Mantua. She had not been there long before a voice called softly "*Highness!*"

The next moment a man stepped out from behind one of the stone buttresses.

"I beg of you, Highness, do not be alarmed. I am a friend who wishes only to warn and to help you."

Maria stared at him, speechless.

Then, "Why do you call me 'Highness'?" she whispered.

The man smiled, revealing flashing teeth that enhanced his dark good looks. He was young, well made, and carried himself with distinction, though his clothing was plain and unpretentious. "I shall tell you."

He led her to a seat in the shadow of the wall. His touch was gentle but masterful, and she followed him obediently.

"You must listen carefully, for I have to speak quickly. My time is short. And you must trust me. You must believe implicitly that I am telling you the truth because I wish to help you."

She nodded dumbly, her eyes fixed on his face.

Glancing round to make sure he was unobserved, the young man launched into rapid explanation of the deception that had been practised on Maria. When she would have protested that she had no wish to be a duchess, he silenced her, for he had much to tell.

With the accession of the last Gonzaga in the direct line, she had become a personage of much importance and was coveted in marriage by three princes—the Duke of Rhetel, Prince Ferrand of Guastalla, and, most powerful of all, Duke Vincenzo, *her uncle*, whose coach was now on its way to fetch her. . .

* * *

She was conducted, on arrival, to the banqueting hall, where the duke and his dissolute court were at meat. On the threshold she paused, bewildered at the scene confronting her. She saw tables piled with gold and silver plate, fragments of food and overturned bottles from which the wine dripped on to the floor in crimson pools. Around them, in every stage of drunkenness and abandon, lolled the gorgeously clad courtesans and parasites of the Court.

When the duke rose and came towards her, her first sensation was one of profound relief. This was no hideous ogre, but a graceful and handsome man, who greeted her with disarming courtesy.

Only, as he approached and she saw him more closely, her reassurance faded abruptly. Here was a face so ravaged by vice that it resembled that of an old man, and his eyes, belying the smiling mouth, were cold and evil as a snake's. His near presence affected her with such horror that she had to force herself to stand her ground and not run from him, screaming . . .

You'll enjoy every word of it—"The Romance of Maria di Monferrato," written by Nina Warner Hooke. Illustrated by Fortunino Matania, R.I.

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